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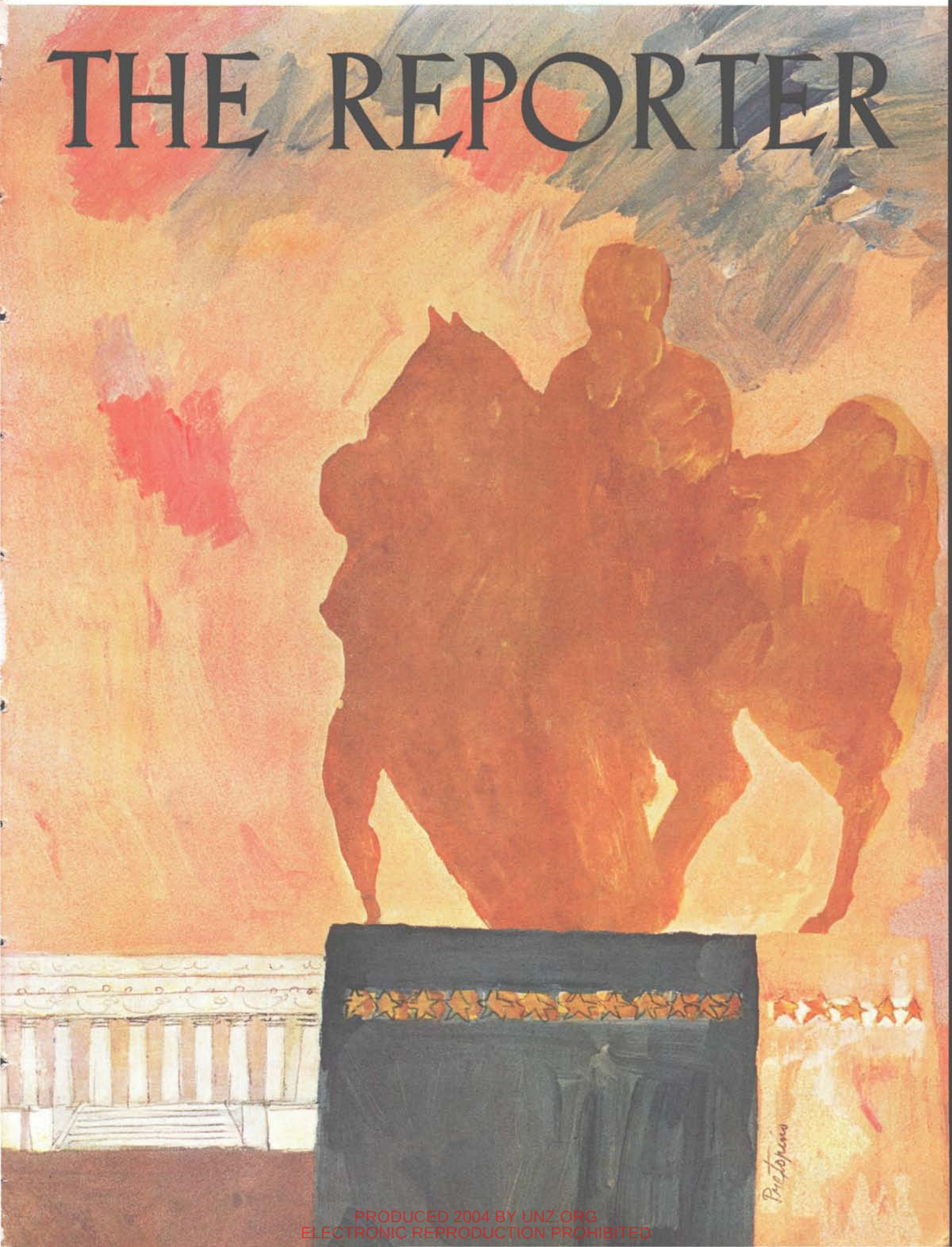

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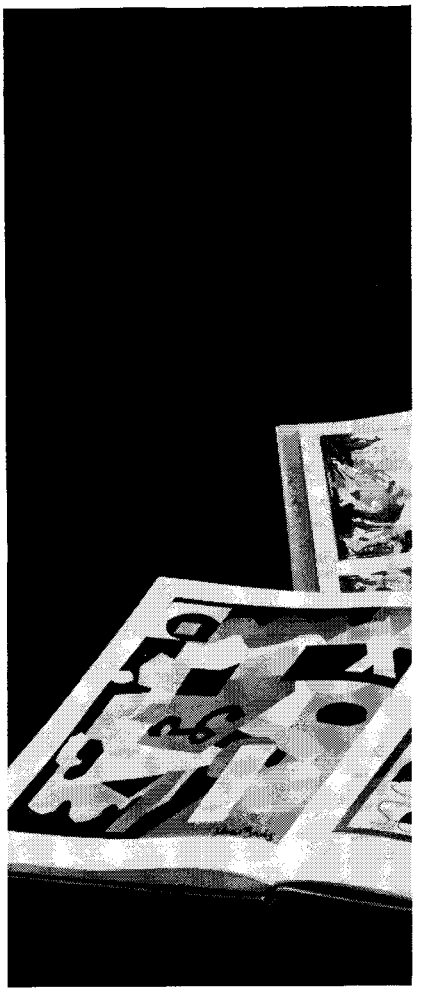

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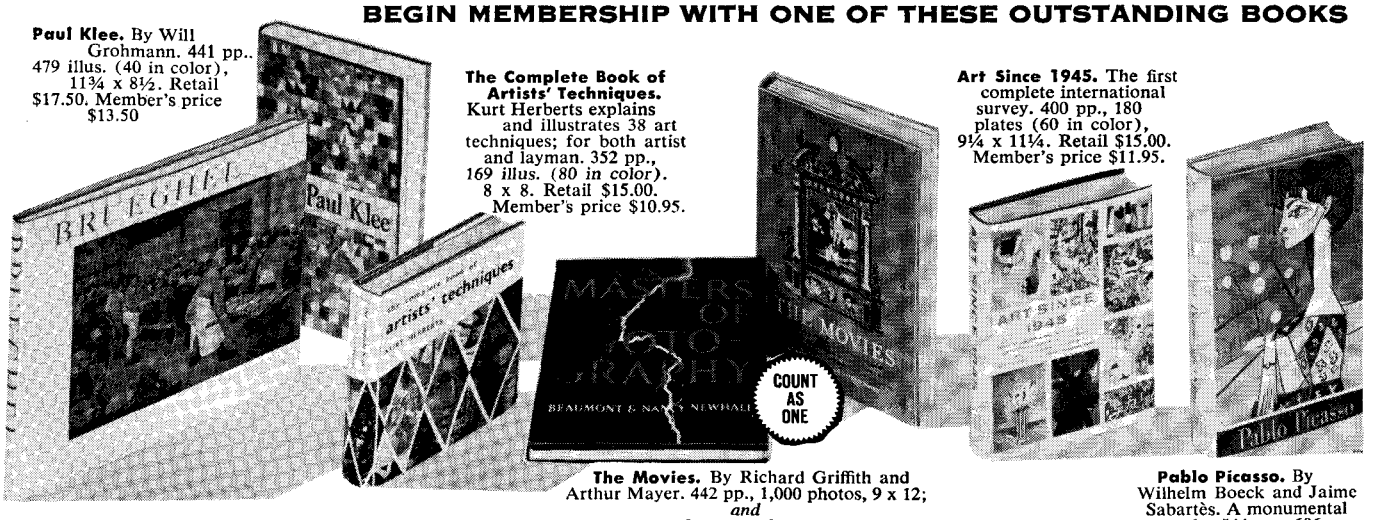

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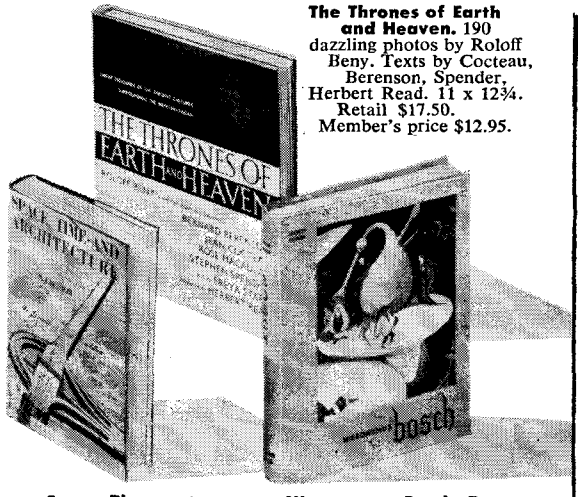

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

A Chinese Puzzle?

What does Communist China want of India? If we may trust the foremost Russian authority, Nikita Khrushchev, his Chinese friends want a lot of worthless real estate of no strategic significance whatever and devoid of human habitation. Hence the Soviet premier is reported to have characterized the entire Chinese-Indian crisis as "incomprehensible."

From this it might appear that the Chinese Communists are becoming to the Russian Communists what the latter were once said to be by Winston Churchill—"a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." But perhaps Khrushchev, wittingly or unwittingly, has helped to make the Chinese-Indian crisis more comprehensible by telling us what it is not.

Facts are facts, as the Russians like to say. The Chinese Communists deliberately whipped up this artificial storm in the forsaken mountain country of the frontier between India and China. They have deliberately caused Prime Minister Nehru the most acute embarrassment and anguish. The Chinese proposal for mutual withdrawal of about twelve miles has inspired no jubilation in New Delhi, for it would leave Chinese troops in possession of some traditionally Indian territory and imply recognition of China's equal status in the disputed territory.

But if we rule out the usual motivations of land-grabbing, we are brought back to the basic question: What *do* the Chinese want? We surmise that Nehru is only the latest victim of a traditional pattern of Communist policy. Allies, well-wishers, and neutralists serve Communist ends for a while, and then, suddenly, the Communists pull the rug from under them. They have exhausted their usefulness. In this case, Nehru, whatever his past usefulness to the Chinese Communists, still represents an alternative path of development to the entire East; he has shown that it is possible to lead a vast, turbulent nation in transition without establishing unlimited control over the citizens' lives and activities. The time has come for the Chinese Communists to humiliate and discredit Nehru, to serve notice throughout the East that the Chinese, not the Indian, course is the one that pays.

Secretary of State Herter has shown some reluctance to come down solidly on India's side in the border dispute, thereby giving Nehru a taste of his own medicine. The noncommittal approach has long been an Indian speciality in world affairs. Or perhaps Herter did not want to embarrass Nehru with moralistic declarations of condolence. As a beginning, our Secretary of State has probably taken the right attitude. But, we must emphasize, only as a beginning.

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Are certain to induce despair

In belted prisoners of seats
Who cannot flee the awful bleats.

Let all who travel to this tune
Cry out their protestation soon,

So that committers of the crime
Dismiss the organists in time;

And let the sole harmonium
Remain the jet's organic hum.

—SEC

The Bog

Pity the poor cranberry growers! Here at Thanksgiving time they suddenly find that the edibility of their bumper harvest has been called into doubt. It seems that as part of man's restless drive for progress, they have been spraying their bogs with a weed-killing chemical which, if improperly used, can produce cancer.

An ancient lesson has thus painfully demonstrated its universality: Disturb nature's order, and you may reap fruits that you did not anticipate; develop a better pesticide, and you may poison the birds or taint the cranberries.

The political balance is also a precarious one. This lesson has been brought home to Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Arthur Flemming, as the outraged cries of the growers rise around him for warning the public about the possible danger of eating cranberries. The growers' rage is understandable; their $50-million crop may prove to be something of a turkey instead of a sauce. Meanwhile Presidential aspirants Nixon and Kennedy are striving manfully to redress the balance by gulping down the suspect berry with a smile.

And then of course there is the digestive balance to be considered—always in jeopardy on Thanksgiving Day. We are singularly unmoved by the argument of a chemist at American Cyanamid, one of the producers of the weed killer, who declared that a human being "would have to eat 15,000 pounds of [contaminated] cranberries a day for many years" to sustain any ill effects.

Of course, the wonderful new chemicals that man keeps discovering must be used. To ban them, as John L. Harvey, deputy commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, points out, would keep agriculture in the horse-and-buggy days. But there are risks, no doubt about it, and it seems clear that somebody

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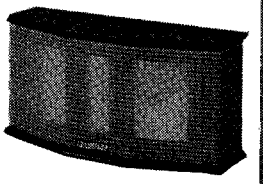

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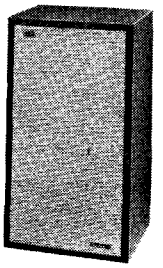

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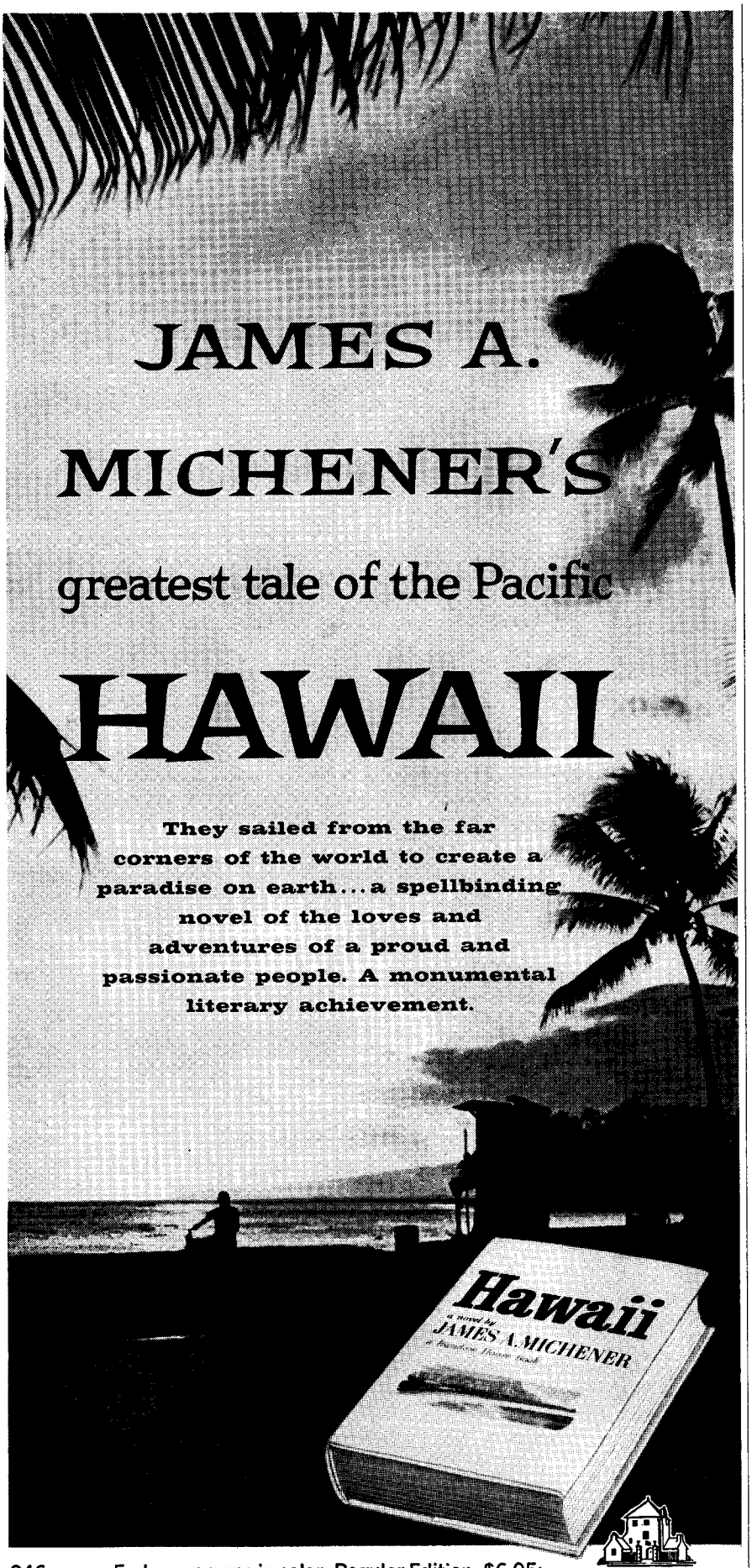
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has to take the responsibility of seeing that the public, not to mention the farmers, is protected against unexpected kickbacks from progress. The FDA has been diligent in its effort to meet that responsibility. But this year its request for two million dollars to carry on "methods research" was disallowed by the penny-wise Bureau of the Budget; fortunately, the money was appropriated by pound-wise members of Congress.

It is quite possible that a larger force of FDA agents could have carried on an education campaign among the growers on the proper use of these newfangled chemicals.

Here for the poor cranberry grower is the final paradox. Ultimately his own protection against the pitfalls of progress lies in more rather than less interference on the part of the government agents he is now bitterly reviling.

These Things Were Said

¶ Reader reaction to our Van Doren open letter twenty-five to two sympathetic. Proving again the Bible is still the best-selling book in America.—*Hy Gardner in the New York Herald Tribune.*

¶ My column is not for sale and Mr. [Max] Hess did not pay for the interview. His office did pay my expenses of $1,000 to travel to Allentown for the story.—*Stanton Delaplane, columnist for the McNaught Syndicate.*

¶ "I have no illusion of grandeur, no thirst for martyrdom and have had too much fun to invite or beg for sympathy," Mr. [Robert] Moses remarked at another point. "They ostracized the leading citizens in Greece," he went on. "They tired of hearing Aristides called The Great. They tossed out Baron Haussmann after seventeen years of service which saved Paris from rot and strangulation."—*New York Times.*

¶ I asked Ribicoff if he would like to be Secretary of State. He answered like a man who had given the question a lot of thought over a lot of years. And his answer was simply, "No."—*The New York Daily Mirror.*

¶ Mr. [David] Sarnoff said that the nation's best military resources "will prove tragically inadequate, may even be self-defeating, if they are not backed by the hardware of the spirit."—*The New York Times.*

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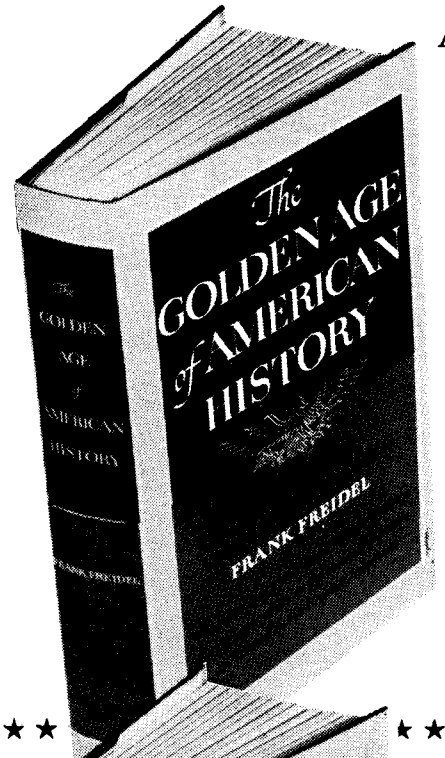

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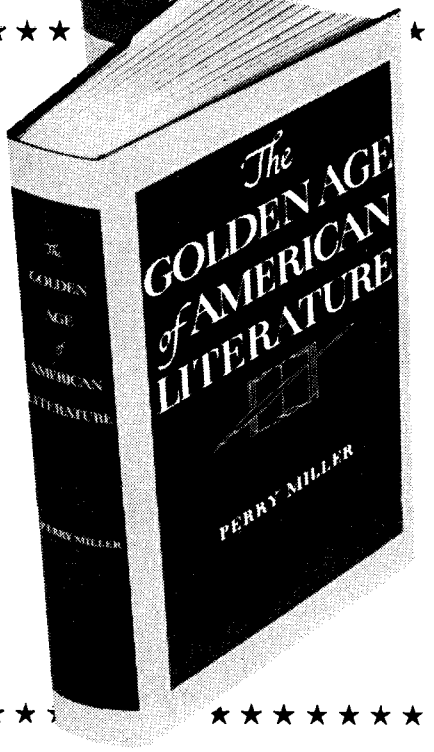

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LONDON

Even worldly wise British leaders, accustomed to the global travels of their monarchs and prime ministers, are impressed by President Eisenhower's December itinerary. Whatever the future fruits of such an effort, its historical significance is not lost upon them. The only comparable Presidential phenomenon that comes to mind is Wilson's long stay at the Versailles Peace Treaty Conference after the First World War.

But Wilson was there to negotiate, and negotiate personally, hard and fast settlements of outstanding issues. President Eisenhower will clearly not be negotiating on specific matters that divide the friendly countries; his will be a grand good-will tour, staged in the full blare of publicity. Old-school diplomats are not impressed by this approach, any more than they are by summit meetings, front and center of the stage. But a new school of thought—or perhaps a new rationalization—is developing. It argues that hard and fast solutions on basic issues dividing the nations are not attainable anyway, save by the erosions of time and the private work of almost endless specialists' conferences, such as the one in Geneva on nuclear testing—work in which the mass of people in any country cannot maintain an interest; moreover, in an era of mass emotions and massive publicity, popular impressions are fundamental, do have an effect upon specific policy, and therefore we must not leave the technique of image making to Khrushchev. If the only image of America that can be put across on a popular scale is the image of one friendly face, fortunately belonging to the Chief Executive, let this image be stamped wherever possible. So runs the argument.

If mass emotions connected with the extraordinary Eisenhower journey do affect specific governmental policies, the place to watch most immediately will surely be India. There Prime Minister Nehru is desperately trying to cling to his policy of nonalignment, to seek no foreign help, while the Chinese thrusts along the border inflame his people and subject him to heavy popular pressures; a publicity triumph by the President in India now could at least remove the anti-western coloration of the neutrality policy, and that would be a climatic change of consequence.

As seen by observers here, the Presidential journeys can make the Italians, Greeks, and Turks feel a little less like forgotten bench warmers in the western team—particularly the Turks, who receive little public recognition for the risks they take, living next door to the Soviet Union as they do, providing us with invaluable facilities as they do.

No particularly popular and propaganda ends will be achieved by the Presidential presence in Paris for the western summit meeting later in December; he has been in Western Europe often enough for the novelty to have worn off by now. And there will be little enough he can do on the specifics of the heart problem, the problem of Germany—little at this stage, save to agree with the others on the date and agenda of the East-West confrontation.

But in the meantime, shadows of a quite different kind are beginning to gather over the western alliance; the deep division among the allies may no longer be on the lines of political and military strategies, but economic in nature. In this realm, the alliance has come full circle and now it is the problems of prosperity that bedevil it. The production problem is basically solved in these societies. The frenzy to sell, with its concomitant of massive, ceaseless advertising, is already affecting national cultures in Europe, as at home; it will also affect international ways of life.

This is a slow-moving, undramatic change, but basic and official worries about an out-and-out trade war wrenching and poisoning this alliance are now quite open.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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CORRESPONDENCE

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION?

To the Editor: I have read your editorial "Must We Have Compulsory Arbitration?" (*The Reporter,* November 12) with considerable interest. On the whole, I think it is sound and well reasoned. However, I should like to comment further as follows:

1. You seem to regard "higher prices and inflation" as a natural result of the steel strike, when in fact these are the very things management is striving to avoid in this long, costly struggle.

2. You nowhere mention the monopoly power of labor and industry in the field of industrial relations as a cause of this type of impasse and the possibility of curbing this power, just as industry's monopoly power has been curbed in respect to commercial matters.

3. If no remedy such as the above is feasible, then certainly the President should be given greater powers to deal with "national emergency" strikes, including, very likely, some form of compulsory arbitration to be used as a last resort.

4. Though not too hopeful of the results, I would personally favor broad discussions of these problems by labor and management apart from the bargaining table as suggested by Messrs. Goldberg and Mitchell.

JOSEPH L. BLOCK, Chairman
Inland Steel Company
Chicago

To the Editor: Your editorial, it seems to me, focuses upon the real stakes in the steel case—even if a drift toward totalitarianism would come inadvertently, it is no less critical and, indeed, perhaps even more critical, as you infer.

The quotation you selected from the Steel Board's report for the opening of your editorial pleased me greatly. In my opinion, it is the most significant sentence of our report.

GEORGE W. TAYLOR
Professor of Industry
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

BLUE CROSS

To the Editor: The article by Edward T. Chase entitled "Can Blue Cross Survive Its Own Success?" (*The Reporter,* October 29) should be required reading for hospital trustees and other community leaders. Voluntary hospital insurance, both Blue Cross and commercial, has long been sowing the seeds of its own destruction. The end is not far off unless, as proposed recently by John R. Mannix to the American Hospital Association, Blue Cross is nationalized.

Blue Cross is obliged to carry the financial burden of rapidly mounting costs of hospital care and of unnecessary overutilization of hospitals by the insured public, over which it has no control. In the market place, the com-

(*Continued on page 12*)

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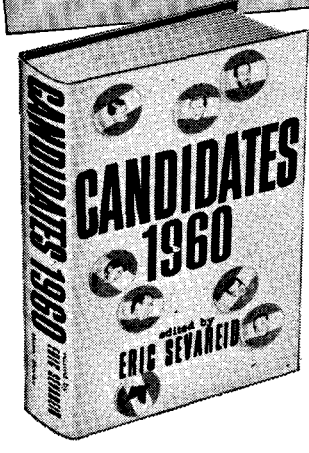

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mercial insurance carriers enjoy a great competitive advantage over Blue Cross, for they insure only against a fixed dollar indemnity without regard to the future purchasing power of the dollar.

As Mr. Chase indicates, the commercial insurance carriers are also undermining the stability of Blue Cross by . . . skimming off the cream of good risks. If the commercial insurance companies succeed in destroying Blue Cross through these and other devices, a disillusioned public will soon demand and obtain universal governmental hospital insurance for young and old, as now exists in Canada and many other countries.

Blue Cross is our bulwark against national hospital insurance. Before it is too late, Blue Cross and its problems should be seriously examined by a Congressional commission and effective action taken to save a great quasi-public agency so that it may continue to operate with governmental support within the framework of our system of free enterprise.

GEORGE BAEHR, M.D.
New York

To the Editor: It is perfectly evident that Blue Cross has been attempting to serve as a social insurance program. This is manifestly impossible without the broadest community financial support. The latter is achievable only through taxation, and there seems little doubt that we will soon come to a broad and sound program of social insurance, whether piecemeal through such programs as the Forand bill or through unwise attempts to subsidize the voluntary private insurance carriers, or *in toto* as in a national health-insurance program. Subsidization of the community plans, such as Blue Cross, can only serve as a stopgap. The increasing level of education of our population and the increasing demand for health services of high quality for all persons will gradually bring about the changes implied above, possibly a little more rapidly than Mr. Chase seems to think.

JONAS N. MULLER, M.D.
Professor and Chairman
Department of Preventive Medicine
New York Medical College

To the Editor: . . . We are in agreement with Mr. Chase regarding the need for increased emphasis on preventive and restorative practices and less emphasis on the "lumping of all disabled into the general hospital." This is one of the precise reasons for this association's opposition to the Forand bill. We believe Mr. Chase should have pointed out, as Mr. Forand did when he originally introduced his bill, that his plan for the aged would provide "those services ordinarily provided in plans such as the Blue Cross" (*Congressional Record,* Aug. 30, 1958, p. 15,280); and, accordingly, following Mr. Chase's reasoning, the Forand bill would merely aggravate and compound the existing problem by piling a government Blue Cross plan on top of the private Blue Cross system,

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thereby concentrating even more care in the confines of the general hospital.

There is much evidence indicating that many types of care other than and less intensive and costly than hospitalization are among the primary needs of the aged. Mr. Chase describes several of these in his article. We are fearful that introduction of the Forand plan would retard development of these alternatives, thereby increasing total health-care costs, overtaxing already crowded hospitals, and hindering progress in preventive and restorative medicine. Mr. Chase makes a good case for but does not state this conclusion.

The American Dental Association would be happy to join the American Hospital Association and the American Medical Association in studying the proposal of Mr. John R. Mannix for an American Blue Cross, which is referred to in Mr. Chase's article. There are many additional, equally deserving proposals that are receiving intensive study and testing.

BERNARD J. CONWAY, Secretary
Council on Legislation
American Dental Association
Chicago

TV MAYHEM

To the Editor: Marya Mannes, in "The Conquest of Trigger Mortis" (*The Reporter,* October 29), has pointed up the crux of the problem of TV killings and their influence. The kids feel no pain. Most of them, in this age, have never seen a person, or even an animal, die. Modern medicine has spared them the agonies of suffering through operations, dentists' visits, or accidents. Combined with the ready accessibility to firearms and the modern vogue for free expression of their emotions, the wonder is only that the killings are so few.

HOWARD BLOOM
North Montpelier, Vermont

To the Editor: Marya Mannes's excellent and imaginative article on violence in television has dramatically highlighted a problem of intense concern to many social scientists. This problem may be stated, in an oversimplified way, as the importance of developing a social and moral ethic in the face of a scientific method that seems to limit examination of many of the vital issues of our times. That is, the emphasis on "scientific proof" makes difficult, if not impossible, the examination of creativity, the development of values and their relationship to conduct, and the nature of responsibility, to cite some of the areas of concern.

There are, however, rumblings of discontent both within the social sciences (Gardner Murphy's *Human Potentialities,* the works of Erich Fromm, E. J. Shobin, etc.), and from without in the form of critiques like Krutch's *Human Nature and the Human Condition.*

NATHANIEL N. WAGNER, Ph.D.
Clinical Psychologist
The Astor Home for Children
Rhinebeck, New York

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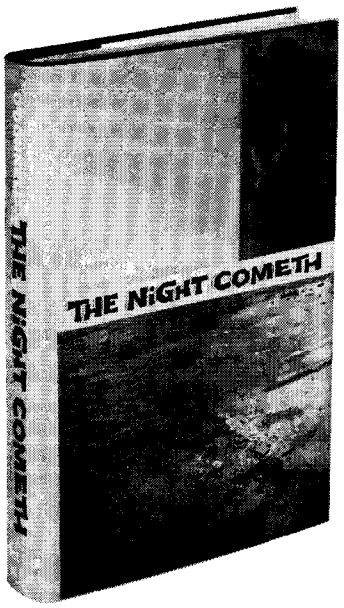

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN THIS UNCERTAIN WORLD, one of the few reasonably certain things is scheduled to happen a year from now: the American electorate will go to the polls to vote for a new national administration. With this issue, *The Reporter* addresses itself to the issues rather than to the personalities of the coming election, though we certainly do not intend to neglect the personalities in months to come. Unfortunately, the real and pressing issues and those which the candidates choose to talk about are not always the same. For our part, we hope to bring the candidates' issues more closely in line with the real issues by starting immediately to define what the latter are. It is not too early: with the best will in the world the problems confronting us cannot be easily solved. But, as a wise man has said, before we can get the right answers we must ask the right questions.

Some of these questions as they are now shaping up are discussed in **Max Ascoli's** editorial. It views in the perspective of the next few months the interaction of the remarkable series of coming international conferences with the mounting pressure of the Presidential campaign. We have asked the eminent economist, diplomat, and lawyer **A. A. Berle, Jr.,** to ask more of these questions. The former Assistant Secretary of State and author of a recently published book, *The Fictions of American Capitalism: Power Without Property,* contributes a check list of the outstanding issues of the upcoming election. . . . **Senator Stuart Symington** of Missouri brings us closer to the fire and smoke of the actual campaign. He presents a hard-hitting indictment of the Eisenhower administration's spending policy from the point of view of an outstanding Democrat and successful businessman. We expect to give other viewpoints a chance to be presented on the same subject.

WE PAY our humble and grateful respects to the late General George Catlett Marshall through the memories of one uniquely qualified to write of him, the former Secretary of State, **Dean Acheson. . . . Edward Neilan** has lived in Seoul for three years, observing Korean politics at close range. . . . The Central European correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph,* **Gordon Shepherd,** has moved northward from his usual base in Vienna. He most recently shared with us his experiences in Hungary.

A PLAYWRIGHT (*Visit to a Small Planet*) who has crossed the footlights to try his hand as a drama critic for *The Reporter* this season, **Gore Vidal** is scheduled to have a new play on Broadway early next year. The title is to be *The Best Man,* and the setting, one of compelling topicality, is to be the smoke-filled rooms of a 1960 national political convention. . . . **Hilton Kramer** is the editor of *Arts* magazine. . . . **Marya Mannes,** who has never been known to pull her punches in criticizing television's shortcomings, offers a cautionary word for those who may be tempted in the heat of the current debate to forget the many fine shows that meet the highest standards of public service. . . . **Jay Jacobs,** whose drawings appear regularly in our pages, also writes regularly on the movies for us. . . . **Roland Gelatt,** who frequently appraises new records for *The Reporter,* is the editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . This fall **Alfred Kazin** has been teaching at the University of Puerto Rico. . . . **George Steiner** is giving the Gauss Lectures at Princeton this year. . . . **Irving Kristol,** who recently left the post of editor at *The Reporter* in order to devote himself to writing, will continue to be a frequent contributor. . . . **Nora Sayre** is on the staff of the *New Yorker.* . . . Our cover, a view of Washington, is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

We are glad to announce that with this issue of *The Reporter,* **Theodore Draper,** an old contributor, joins our staff as associate editor. He recently completed the second volume of his history of the American Communist movement, to be published by Viking Press in the spring.

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THE REPORTER
THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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VOLUME 21, NO. 9 **NOVEMBER 26, 1959**

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Editorial and Business Offices:
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These Precious Months

THE NATION'S agenda for the months ahead is a formidable one, and we had better get ready for a heavy burden of thoughts and decisions if we are to keep abreast of the scheduled events and their cumulative impact. On December 19, there will be the Eisenhower-Macmillan-de Gaulle-Adenauer conference in Paris, designed to establish some unity of purpose and method among the heads of the western powers that are to meet Khrushchev some time in April. The will and the wisdom of Charles de Gaulle have thus prevailed, and rather than in a mad rush, the heads of government of the United States, Britain, and France will move toward the summit with all deliberate speed.

An enormous amount of responsible, constructive deliberation is asked of the western leaders, for the alliance has been loosened by dissensions and misgivings and fear. Actually, all the NATO foreign ministers will meet in Paris before the December 19 gathering of the four major powers, and then they will meet again immediately after that gathering has come to a close. The other nations of the Atlantic Alliance want to keep a very close watch on what the big ones will do.

GENERAL DE GAULLE has rightly suggested that the NATO Big Four meet again before the summit conference with Khrushchev in April, and there is no doubt that should this happen, all the NATO foreign ministers will once more assemble before and after. This is as it should be. For, as the trend is now, should the European members of NATO become divided into two antagonistic trade systems, then whatever is left of the Atlantic military alliance would come to an end. Our country would thus be isolated and under no circumstances a match for the empire ruled by the Kremlin.

When, before Christmas, the President returns from his European-Asian tour, he will have a harassing month of January waiting for him. On January 6, Congress reconvenes and the President must have ready by then the Economic Report, the Budget Report, and, of course, the message on the State of the Union. The Union will not be in a good state if, come January 26, the Taft-Hartley injunction on the steel strike ends with no settlement in prospect. By that time, Congress would be rushing through some kind of labor legislation, made even more urgent by the prospect of a new epidemic of strikes in major industries. If the institution of collective bargaining degenerates into an institutional stalemate between management and labor, the government—the President and Congress—will have to intervene. The politicians in Congress will be under great pressure to act, and fast. The leading Presidential aspirants, who with one or two exceptions all happen to sit in the Senate, must also keep an eye on January 28, for on that date those of them who intend to run in the New Hampshire primaries must become certified candidates.

The Presidential contest will open officially with the New Hampshire balloting on March 8. One week later, Khrushchev goes to Paris. When he meets our President at the summit, the attention he will pay him will certainly be influenced by the fact that the list of his potential successors will have been narrowed down. The President's visit to Moscow may well take place in the weeks just before, or perhaps even after, the Republican convention.

This slowdown in the exchange of visits between ourselves and the Russians is greatly to be welcomed. We cannot face the Russians in any negotiation likely to be moderately conclusive and reasonably advantageous for us until we have taken decisive steps to put our house in order. This does not mean, as a number of people have loftily suggested during the last few years, that we must live up to standards of holiness before venturing to pass judgment or exert influence on other people's affairs. Rather, it means that both the commonwealth we belong to and the institutions of our own country have been weakened by an irresolute and garrulous administration, and that repairs are urgently needed.

It is quite amazing to hear the fervent advocates of a holier America preaching the cause of holiness and simultaneously that of negotiation with the not overholy government of the Soviet Union—negotiations that should be conducted for the purpose of proving that we are flexible, and ready to "give." Since the Russians have offered no evidence of their willingness to give, we may find ourselves facing a situation where nothing is left for us to give but the alliance itself.

FORTUNATELY, we have this terrifying series of deadlines ahead of us to awaken all who can be wakened. Not even a Presidential campaign can succeed in smothering the issues that cry out to be faced both in the commonwealth and in our nation. Negotiations with the Russians are as inescapable as they are demanding, but at the present time they are not a matter of absolute priority. It is good that their pace has somehow slowed down. For a few precious months, more compelling, crucial business requires our undivided attention.

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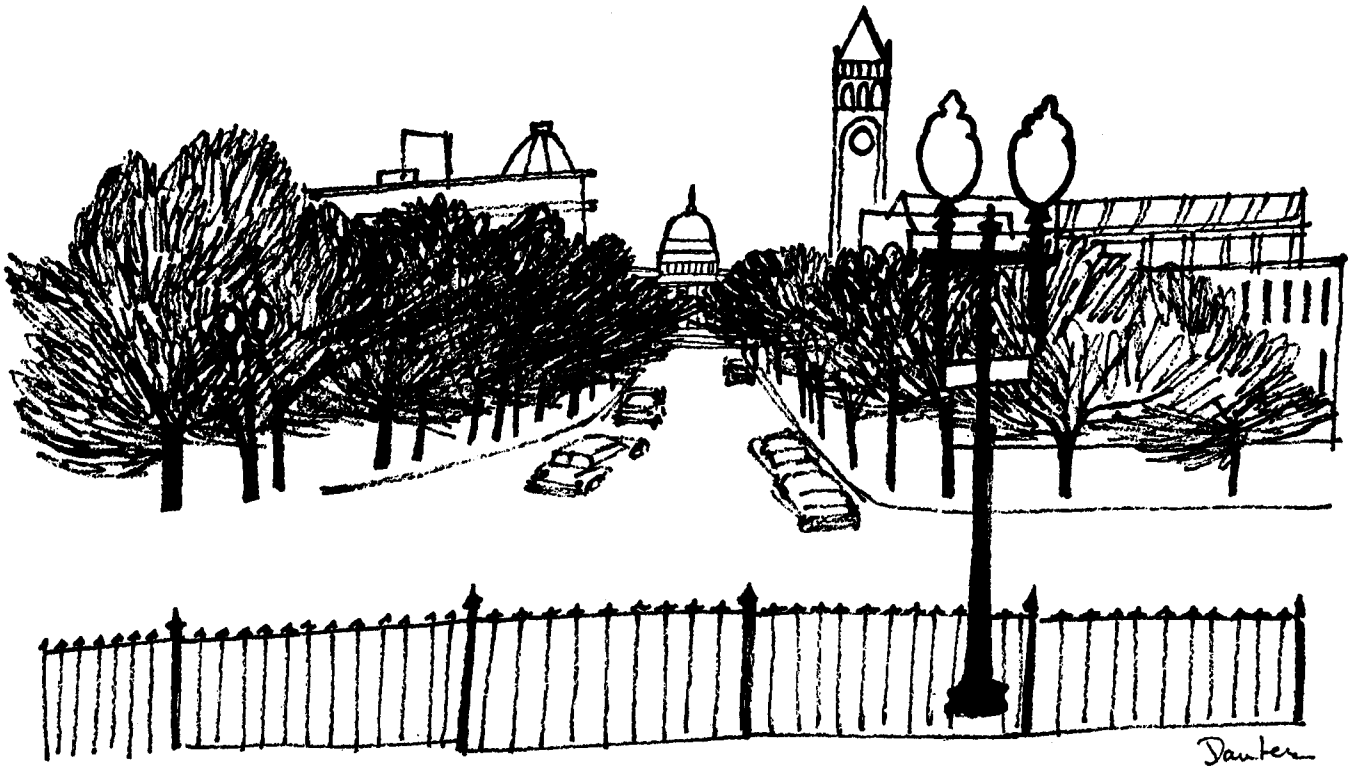

The Irrepressible Issues of 1960

A. A. BERLE, JR.

On the surface, the Presidential campaign of 1960 will be framed around the old slogan "Peace and Prosperity." Republicans and Democrats alike will claim (or concede) that the United States has both, and each party will claim credit. Yet both know now that the phrase is threadbare. What is worse, they realize that most Americans know it. What is prosperity—and how do you maintain it? What is peace—and have we really got it? A poke anywhere breaks through the time-worn political fustian. Much to the consternation of politicians, the American public is poking in all sorts of places—poking so vigorously, in fact, that a campaign like that of 1952, when Adlai Stevenson ran on President Truman's record, or like that of 1956, when few direct points were raised, becomes nearly impossible.

Issues emerge as a result of incidents and events which frighten or irritate substantial sectors of public opinion into demanding action by the government. A truculent note from Khrushchev or Mao Tse-tung raises immediate questions of the defense of Berlin or Quemoy—but these cannot be answered without taking a position on armament and defense, and on the real basis of an America at ease in the current world. This is the peace issue, and it presently divides itself into several specific subquestions. An upsurge in the cost of living, a severe shortage in housing, or an outbreak of unemployment will bring clamor for remedy or release. But they cannot be cured without reckoning with the structure of a highly integrated financial and economic machine. Whether it is functioning satisfactorily is the prosperity issue, and it promptly raises a set of pretty definite problems on which Washington is expected to act. Incidents and events of just this sort are occurring at frequent intervals at present, with substantial certainty that more are on the way. Neither party's platforms or candidates can safely afford to be silent about them. Those who claim there are and will be no issues in the campaign of 1960 have another guess coming.

Prosperity is breaking down into a set of uncomfortably tangible immediate questions. Peace is demanding redefinition every few weeks, to an obbligato of rocket explosions and regional aggressions. Both parties will have to come up with some answers, either from conviction or because they will be forced to do so if they expect anyone to vote for them. The questions are sufficiently clear to permit their statement now.

The Conditions of Prosperity

Let us begin with prosperity. Probably politicians in both parties will begin there. They are not quite sure whether anyone really cares about

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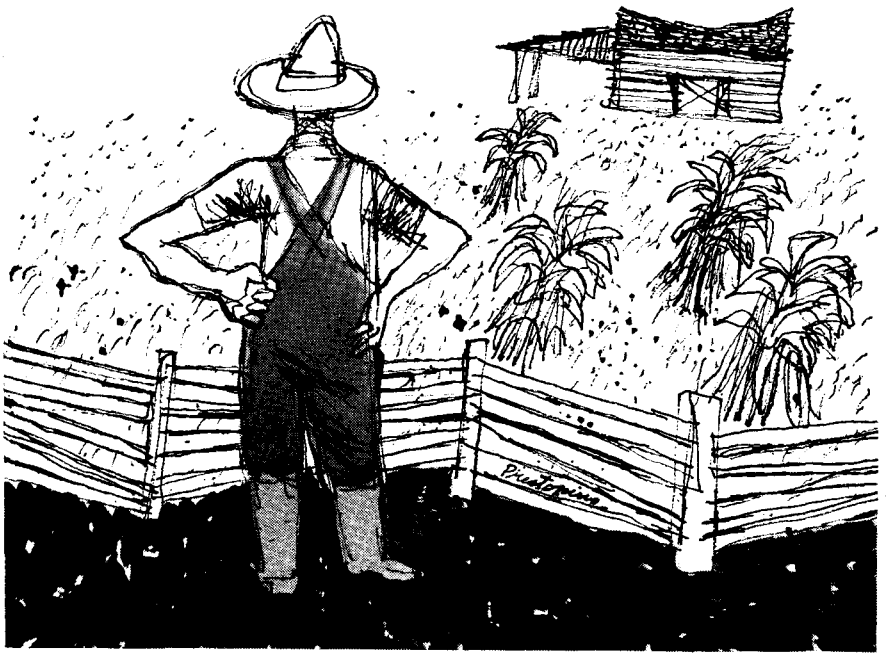

foreign affairs, and they always overstress the pocketbook motive. It is obvious that productivity in the United States is high and growing. Individual incomes also are at a high average and are fairly well distributed. The middle class has been increasing, and the number of very rich and very poor has been relatively decreasing. This is prosperity in any politician's perspective. But is productivity high enough to carry the freight? Can it support a rising American standard of living and also meet the savage challenges in the field of arms, rockets, and perhaps foreign trade? Do we not need additional effort—notably in education, medicine, and scientific research? The Rockefeller Brothers Commission report urged that our national productivity could and should be stepped up so that its increase should be four or five per cent annually, instead of only three per cent.

Voters have also learned that continuance and distribution of prosperity rests on uninterrupted functioning of a vast, highly organized, and vulnerable economic system. This organization is threatened at a number of points. Its vulnerability has been crudely dramatized by the steel strike. It is increasingly clear that the American now not only wants his prosperity; he also wants reasonable assurance from his political government that the economic machine will go on running. He wants his next administration to give him that assurance.

This poses the first and fundamental campaign issue under the heading of "prosperity." It lies at the base of all the other questions that will be raised: Shall the United States, or shall it not, set up within its political apparatus a sound system of economic planning, or at least of decision making, which will use and maintain the democratic process? Apparently a system is wanted which will not regulate unnecessarily or centralize responsibility more than it must, but which will assure that everyone's personal life will not be ripped apart by uncontrolled economic forces.

More Boom and Bust?

The issue will not be cast in exactly those terms, though Governor Rockefeller came close to stating it in his speech to the Economic Club in New York on November 9. But however stated, this is the real point at debate. Franklin Roosevelt, in 1932, made it clear that if he were elected the Federal government for the first time in its history would assume and retain alternative responsibility for the economic health and well-being of the country. His government did take that responsibility, and no national politician or party since has openly dared or cared to reverse the step. Now, with tom-toms beating about inflation, taxation, labor unions, interest rates, and similar matters, pointed questions are asked. Who goes where, and does what, so that the great apparatus will keep on rolling, producing, and distributing as needed? This is planning, whatever words may be used.

This, at bottom, is a Constitutional problem, though it deals with that part of the American Constitution which is unwritten. The United States now has a country-wide economic system. Only the Federal government can have or use the power needed to keep it in order and running when any of its power elements come into conflict—or, for that matter, when it fails to distribute its product widely and with reasonable justice. Political campaigns pick up specific instances of failure or irritation. It is the duty of informed citizens and a responsible press to point out and state the underlying issue.

The question is not in the least theoretical. Let us get down to cases. Most of the Pacific Coast of the United States, much of the Northeast (particularly in New England and Long Island), and several other important areas are heavily dependent on the flow of military orders from the Department of Defense. A jiggle in Air Force plans could, and two years ago nearly did, paralyze those areas dependent on the aircraft plants. An error in economic planning by the Big Three auto companies in 1956 led directly to unemployment in the Detroit area and to the recession of 1957. The steel stalemate has affected the entire nation's economy. The aftereffects will be felt for months. It is all very well to say we are "prosperous," and that the average family income in this country is more than $5,000. But where, and how, and by whom are measures being taken to see that the machine keeps going? Or are we, as the Soviet economist Eugene Varga said last August, once more entering a phase of boom and bust, with depressions, unemployment, and financial crises occurring every six years or so?

A SECOND and closely allied economic issue is the problem of money and credit. Don't think that because monetary policy is high mystery it can't enter politics, or

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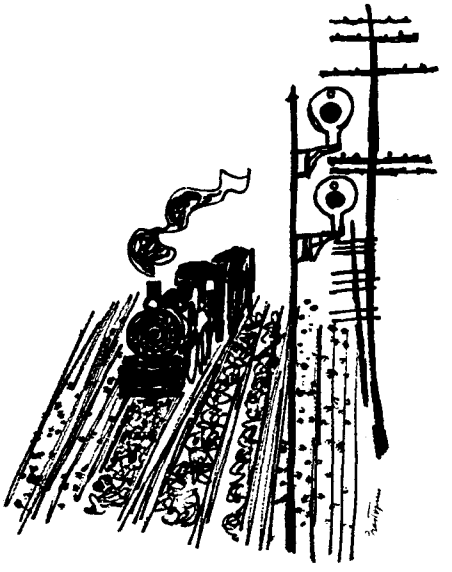
that nobody cares. Several elections in the United States have turned on what money is, and how credit shall be used. The conflict between the Federal Reserve Board and the U.S. Treasury is of vital concern to all of us.

We are told that the country's No. 1 problem is inflation. (The Consumer Price Index went up in 1958 by nearly three per cent, whereas the average family income rose by about 2.5 per cent.) The Federal Reserve seems to think that prices can be kept level by pushing up the interest rates. But there is an odd twist to this practice that is more apparent to voters than to economists. Possibly (though it has not been demonstrated) high interest rates can keep the price of a shirt level. But when a newly married couple buy a house that they need quite as badly as they need shirts, they now find themselves paying six per cent instead of four per cent on their mortgage. This increases what they have to pay for their house by thousands of dollars. What is worse, the money that ought to go into building houses appears to be going somewhere else. A housing shortage that will affect many areas in the country by election time in 1960 now seems unavoidable. The voter may not understand much about money, but he does understand that the way in which it is handled can knock him down.

ANOTHER ISSUE of economic planning is that of farm policy. Because farm surpluses pile up and can be looked at while farm price-support checks go out all over the country, the problem is a conspicuous one. Where does this price-support money go anyway? A great deal of it goes to very large farm operators who need Federal aid about as much as Greenland needs ice. But be that as it may, we are certainly not going back to the old system in which every farmer was compelled to wager his economic life each year, not only on weather and crops but also on fluctuating markets, the unpredictable decisions of big buyers, and other factors that were wholly beyond his control.

The steel strike has squarely posed another urgent economic problem. What is going to be done to maintain labor-management peace when the whole country (as well as the parties directly concerned) can be badly hurt by failure to agree? The steel strike is only one part of this drama. The Air Pilots Association and the airlines tied up much of the country last Christmas, and there are a score of similar situations that could produce drastic results. Have we come to the end of the road in collective bargaining? Or is there a step beyond?

A new and rapidly growing problem that can no longer be ignored concerns the tangled relations between the Federal, the state, and the local governments of the huge and growing city and suburban areas. The historic divisions of responsibility have simply broken down in many cases. Pressures are mounting dangerously everywhere, from commuting traffic to schools and water supply. This issue includes a number of violent subsidiary ones, the most notorious being that of race segregation. It is a mistake to regard segregation of Negroes merely as a trouble spot in Southern schools. It



is quite as much a problem of Northern real estate. How far can we carry the principle of local responsibility in a country which is rapidly becoming integrated in all ways?

This is not the form in which the question will be stated, but it will be the basic problem underlying the debate. The specific question will be Federal aid to education, and the necessity of making our educational system educate, both for national welfare and for national defense. Can schools do without Federal aid? But the minute Federal money goes into local education, the problem of standards and who sets the standards becomes crucial.

A somewhat parallel problem has to do with decent standards in nation-wide cultural media like television and radio. Ironically, the quiz shows have raised the question on the level of common honesty. But they also bring up the question of the misuse of these great instruments, leaving Marya Mannes to call them "the lost miracles."

They Talk of Peace

Internal issues, loosely grouped under the heading of "prosperity," push into and mingle with the second classic group, which may be considered under the political shorthand term "peace." What we are really talking about, of course, is international relations. Collisions occur in the politically unavoidable fields of taxation and national defense. Both affect internal prosperity directly and violently. Neither can sensibly be dealt with unless there is some idea of what peace involves. As always, a number of urgent specific questions occupy the foreground, and every one of these questions is merely the visible peak of a submerged iceberg.

We have peace in the sense that there are no shooting wars going on at the moment. Both parties like that: no issue. Alas, there is outstanding a threat by Mr. Khrushchev, whose visit has not been forgotten; he wants a summit meeting that may well have become history when the formal 1960 campaign opens. He says he will negotiate on Berlin and a number of questions without time limit, waiving the word "ultimatum." But he notes grimly that he has plenty of rockets and atomic bombs should that unspecified time come. Simultaneously he has stated that the Chinese would be right in seizing Formosa by force, and that he would back them if they did. The current "peace" appears to be living on borrowed time, and the American voters (whose sons are regularly conscripted for military duty) are

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fully aware of that fact. Consequently, candidates and parties must face the problem during the campaign. We are, it seems, dealing with the Soviet government. But on what and with what, and at whose expense? Are we also to deal with Communist China? Do we really mean to tackle the Latin-American problem or are we to stand pat?

NEITHER PARTY has made up its mind. John Foster Dulles, representing the Republican administration, stood pat. But the Republican position has obviously loosened since his death. Democratic experts on the sidelines have merely quarreled. George Kennan has proposed "disengagement" in Europe; Dean Acheson's disagreement has been vehement. This is a dangerous issue, with possible catastrophe hanging on the answer. In each case when the United States has gotten into a shooting war, it did so after a campaign in which the victorious party proclaimed that its election would assure or at least greatly improve the chances for peace. This time I doubt that either party will be let off merely on statements of peaceful intentions. There will have to be some specifications attached.

This inevitably leads into the issue of military preparedness and strategy. On what scale shall national defense be pitched, and how shall it be organized? As usual, we cannot take up particular aspects of the problem without considering the problem as a whole. There is a general feeling that our defense organization is in a wasteful mess. One result has been the obvious bungling of guided-missile and space-exploration work. Few public proposals have been made, though a commission under the chairmanship of Nelson Rockefeller (he was not then in active politics) produced an excellent report. The Democratic Advisory Council has produced a respectable and interesting document. Defining this issue is an unescapable part of the Presidential campaign. The United States wants to be adequately defended. It also wants not to have its defense system become a method of getting into a war. Before the campaign opens, France will have exploded an atomic bomb. Some French experts think that as a sequel the Soviet Union will hand over a stock of atomic missiles to Red China. How is the United States going to handle the ensuing situation?

One result will be that campaign positions will have to be taken on disarmament. Disarmament seems a long way off: while disarmament negotiations drag on, what we actually have is a breakneck arms race. Some limitation agreements may be possible. Voters will certainly want some clear statements on the subject; it is too important to be left to chance.

Again domestic and foreign matters intermix. Suppose a substantial measure of disarmament does become possible. Plainly, cutting even a few billions from defense expenditure would produce immediate dislocations—unless plans are made to channel a commensurate productivity into more promising uses, maintaining employment and the industrial balance. It is quite feasible to do this, but candidates and parties will be forced to indicate, first, that they *will* do it and, second, just *how* they expect to tackle it.

THIS LEADS US SQUARELY to the last issue—though it is certainly not the least—taxes. It could perhaps be the first issue; candidates and their managers will decide on the order. Taxation affects nearly all the questions raised and to be raised. History determined the outlines of the American tax system: Cities and towns can tax land; states can tax commercial transactions and more recently income; the Federal government has corporation taxes, income taxes, and various forms of sales taxes. By now the system exhibits many of the aspects of a Chinese puzzle, and only makeshift attempts are made about arranging the tax base so that revenue goes where revenue is most needed. A growing load is being put on cities and the metropolitan areas around them, but their tax base dates from past centuries.

The income-tax structure seems simple enough, but it includes enough gimmicks to produce arbitrary, sometimes capricious, inequities and results. Every working American spends about two months of each year earning his taxes, direct and indirect, and ten months working for himself. In itself this is not as bad as its sounds. In our time government simply must provide certain central services (they run the whole gamut from Federal highways and unemployment insurance to local schools and parks). Without them no taxpayer would have the job or the income he has now. But the plain fact is that the burden is not always apportioned fairly. How much the burden will be in future is also directly tied into the problem of defense and armament—how much and what kind is needed. This in turn raises the choice between the balanced budget and deficit financing by the Treasury.

Our Unwritten Constitution

So we run full circle. We are back to the crucial problem of economic planning. Basic questions in American life are thus pushing into the political foreground. The American experiment requires a considerable amount of centralization, but there must be limits. The central government must have reserve power to act when its intervention is necessary —always, however, leaving responsibility to individuals and local units in those ranges where they best can act for themselves. As we have seen, all this raises basic questions about the development of the unwritten Constitution of the United States. Almost certainly new institutions will be needed, possibly along the lines of a labor-management-public interest congress to define economic policies.

These are the real issues in the campaign. Not only because of the mounting concern of thoughtful voters but also because of the inexorable pressure of events, both parties and their candidates will be compelled to take positions on these issues and to propose solutions. This should be the real business of an orderly, meaningful campaign in 1960.

ONE THING is sure: If these and related problems are dodged in the 1960 campaign, they will surely be forced into the 1964 campaign, probably by convulsive crises. And in the present international context, the United States cannot expect to rely that long on luck or on muddling through.

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Security with Solvency

A Democratic leader's critique of the unbusinesslike 'Businessman's Administration'

SENATOR STUART SYMINGTON

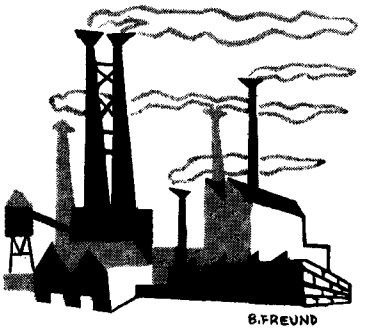
CAN THE UNITED STATES maintain an adequate defense and insure the well-being of its own people without jeopardizing its economy? This question arose time and again during the recent session of Congress—a session in which concern for a balanced budget and fear of deficit financing dominated nearly every debate on public expenditures.

It is a vital question. To provide security—in the broadest sense of that term—while maintaining national solvency poses a challenge to our skill in self-government. With the great burden that our defense program makes necessary, we have reason to make all the economies that are possible by sound and able management of our government programs. I believe it is possible for Republican and Democrat alike to agree on this even though they may still disagree about whether the present level of government expenditures is a sacrosanct figure revealed from on high as the absolute measure of the nation's needs.

How Much Is Wasted?

From its beginning the Eisenhower administration has paid lip service to the concept of "security with solvency" and, as a "businessman's administration," promised to conduct the affairs of government on an efficient, economical basis. Judged by its own criteria, it has been a colossal and expensive failure. It has not only cut into the bone of essential programs without achieving necessary economies; its mismanagement has positively contributed to wasteful expenditures that could have been used to good purpose. Despite rumblings of protest from many in a position to know, the policies and programs of the present administration are wasting tens of millions of the taxpayers' dollars every week. Billions of dollars are being squandered that otherwise could be invested in the public facilities needed to keep abreast of our growing population. As a result, worthwhile programs for schools, dams, highways, medical research, etc., are dismissed by the administration as contributing to budgetary imbalance.

When a government finds its expenditures crowding its revenues, and senses popular disapproval of tax increases, it can embrace one of two solutions. The first is retrenchment. This has been the answer of the present administration, which



has drastically pared social-welfare programs and decreed no new starts in public facilities.

The second solution is more difficult. It involves more patient effort, discipline, and leadership. It means that the conflicting interests which pull government programs in different directions must be met with decisions instead of wasteful compromises. It means the constant weeding out of inefficient practices in government departments. It involves rejection of the prevalent notion that waste must be tolerated as an inevitable part of the cost of any public enterprise.

The application of management principles to government is difficult, but its dividends are great. The money thus saved, I believe, could go a long way toward providing America with the investments it needs.

Let us consider four areas of present expenditure: agriculture, government finance, foreign aid, and defense. I select these four because they make up some $62 billion of this year's expenditures, or about eighty per cent of the total budget. These four areas pose a common indictment of the waste brought on by the Eisenhower administration's decisions, or, just as wasteful, its failure to make decisions.

1. In Agriculture

Since assuming office in 1953, Ezra Taft Benson has spent more money than was spent by all of the previous Secretaries of Agriculture put together since the department was established in 1889. He has managed to do this without raising farm income or lowering food costs to the housewife. The farm problem has grown into what has been called "the most critical, perilous, unresolved domestic problem facing the United States."

The $31 billion spent on the farm program since 1952 has involved increases in many areas. Administrative costs of the price-support program since that year have multiplied more than tenfold from $34 million a year to $364 million. The number of employees in the Department of Agriculture has increased from 66,000 to 85,000.

But the greatest increase in spending—running into billions of dollars—comes from the government's failure to manage agricultural surpluses properly. This in turn results from failure to understand the business operation of the typical family farmer who operates the great majority of the farms of America.

The administration has followed a policy of lowering price supports on the theory that this would reduce production. Any true understanding of the way farmers operate would show that it has the opposite effect. Farmers have fixed costs—mortgage payments, farm machinery, installment payments, and the like—most

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of which have increased with the cost of living and the cost of money. In order to meet these higher costs when price supports are reduced, they must produce more. Unless there are effective controls on production, they take advantage of technological advances to increase production as much as possible.

Under the administration's policies this is precisely what has happened. In each of the last six years, farm production has increased, leaving the government holding an inventory of farm commodities which has cost over $9 billion and which by January, 1961, will be over $12 billion. Storage costs alone on this inventory amount to a billion dollars a year.

This sad situation was foreseeable and correctible. Why then did it happen? The unavoidable evidence is that the administration has stooped to play politics with the farm program time after time, has refused to impose meaningful production controls, and, despite continuing criticisms by Congress, has never come up with a concrete program to correct the situation.

INSTEAD, makeshift actions have only aggravated the problem. Last year, for example, with government warehouses and bins stuffed with a billion and a half bushels of surplus corn, the Secretary of Agriculture recommended a corn program that not only removed all limitations on production but actually *increased* the price support on more than ninety per cent of the corn produced in the United States. The department now estimates that its new program will result in the record-shattering production of 4.5 billion bushels this year; at least 500 million additional bushels will end up in government warehouses.

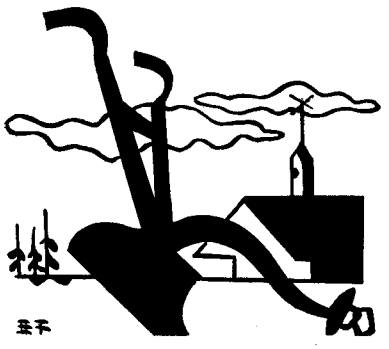
This year, Congress passed a wheat bill that would have reduced wheat production by twenty per cent and cut down government wheat inventories by hundreds of millions of bushels. The savings to taxpayers would have been at least $260 million annually—enough to build 6,500 needed classrooms. But the President vetoed the bill.

The handling of this enormous food inventory has been mismanaged. The administration, by its own admission, has negotiated and signed contracts for the storage of grain without first studying what this storage would cost. It has sold commodities from government stocks to private companies at a low price, and then allowed those same companies to sell them abroad at much higher prices, in transactions the government itself financed.

The irony is that the administration's policies have hurt the farmer, particularly the small farmer, instead of helping him. In fact, though farm families constitute twelve per cent of the nation's population, their share of the national income has now fallen to 3.5 per cent, a new low.

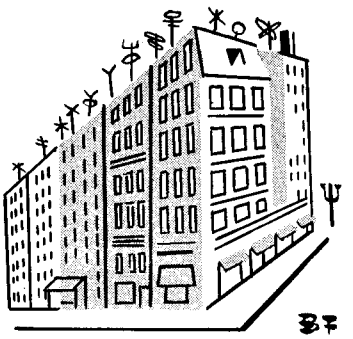
2. In Government Finance

By January of 1958, the nation had already been through the first four months of what was to prove a prolonged economic recession. Some of the clearly predictable effects of a recession upon government finance are shrinkage of anticipated tax revenues and increased demands for expenditure upon the government. These were not reflected in the budget for the next fiscal year, to begin in less than six months, that the President submitted to Congress on January 13. Instead, it contained an estimate that the government would be operated at a budget surplus of about $500 million. This estimate turned out to be in error by approximately $13 billion. Instead of a surplus of $500 million, the government incurred the largest peacetime deficit in the country's



history, even though Congress appropriated $617 million less than the President had requested.

During the past five fiscal years, the Federal government has been operated at a net deficit of about $17 billion. This also is far above



any deficit ever experienced in this country over a comparable period during which we were not at war. Despite the widely held belief to the contrary, this deficit was not the fault of Congress, which in these years appropriated $10.6 billion less than the President requested.

The increased government borrowing resulting from these years of deficit has increased the national debt from $266.1 billion at the end of the fiscal year 1953 to the present figure of about $290 billion. If the taxpayer is to be protected, such a large debt must be managed with great care. Like any prudent business concern, the Treasury should try to finance its debt at the lowest possible interest rates.

But from the beginning, the Treasury of this administration has violated this simple rule of debt management. Early in 1953, the Treasury Department raised the interest rate on government bonds to 3¼ per cent. This was substantially above the minimum interest rate needed to sell the bonds. Even two years later, in spite of a general upward trend of interest rates, potential buyers oversubscribed a forty-year government bond issue offered at the lower rate of three per cent.

This imprudent practice has been followed time and again during the last three years. Offerings of the Treasury at lower rates than the present limit were oversubscribed by the public, but the Treasury continued its policy of issuing a far smaller amount of bonds than the evidence showed the market would absorb. Only last March, for example, the Treasury opened the subscription books for a four per cent twelve-year bond. The public offered to buy $1.5 billion worth, but the Treasury had limited the subscription to only $619 million. Again in February, 1958, investors

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made bids totaling $6 billion on a subscription of a three per cent 8½-year bond. But the Treasury had limited the sale to only $1.5 billion.

Of course, no one can state with absolute certainty what the money market will accept. But the administration has shown a continuing hesitancy about getting a good bargain for its bonds. Its own sense of insecurity has created insecurity in the market—has, in fact, helped push up the price of money. When the Treasury appealed to Congress this June for authority to increase interest rates, it did so despite the fact that many times during the last two years it passed up the chance to refinance the debt at lower rates.

With such management, is it any wonder that the interest cost of the national debt has increased from $6.6 billion in the fiscal year 1953 to an estimated $8.6 billion for the fiscal year 1960? If our financial management had been conducted on a businesslike basis during the past six years, I believe the interest burden to the taxpayer would be at least a billion dollars less a year.

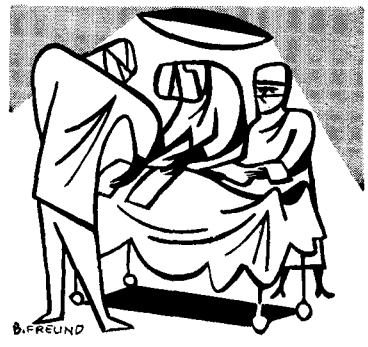
THE OTHER important phase of financial management is the collection of taxes. There is a great deal of evidence that if our collections were handled more efficiently, we could be raising billions more in taxes, at current tax rates. In fact, earlier this year, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue told Congress that $25 to $26 billion of income each year was not being reported by taxpayers. The Commissioner also testified that every new tax-enforcement agent brings in—in one year—ten to fifteen times his salary for searching out this unreported income.

Faced with such a sure prospect of increased revenue, any prudent businessman would work hard to collect it. But not this administration. Since 1952, it has actually cut three thousand enforcement personnel from the staff of the Internal Revenue Service. The staff is so small today most returns cannot even be checked to see if they were computed correctly. Fewer than five per cent are given a thorough audit. Nevertheless, on the grounds of economy, this year the administration, in a prize example of false economy, continued to oppose all but the smallest increase in funds for additional enforcement.

3. In Mutual Security

Over the past few years, reports have come from abroad about great waste in the administration of our mutual security program. These reports have come not just from the opponents of foreign aid. Senator Fulbright, perhaps its greatest champion in the Senate and as knowledgeable a man on international relations as we have, has cited various examples of his own. They include a $5-million hospital in France that was built but never opened.

Most of this waste is not due to corruption, and bad management by our overseas personnel is far from the whole explanation. Many of our foreign-assistance programs have gone wrong because the people in charge of them could not plan projects beyond the limiting twelve-month period. Public-works projects start, then stop and hang in abeyance waiting for word from Washington whether the new budget will allow them to proceed. Underdeveloped countries have been reluctant to request loans for the most important wealth-producing projects, such as dams and railroads,



because these require longer-term financing than our aid program has offered.

Largely for this reason, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee proposed this year to put the Development Loan Fund on a long-term basis, with authority to borrow from the Treasury. Such long-term planning is one of the simplest requirements of any successful business. If a private corporation could not plan confidently beyond a twelve-month period, its development would be bogged down in uncertainty and waste. It would be judged guilty of exceedingly bad management.

This principle of fiscal foresight is already recognized in other programs of our government. At least thirteen public agencies borrow from the Treasury in this manner. Nevertheless, the administration opposed granting such authority to the Development Loan Fund. As a result, we will spend almost a billion dollars a year in this field without the kind of long-term planning that will make it effective and economic.

4. In Defense

For our own military forces we are now spending about $41 billion a year—more than half our total budget. Nearly $5 billion more is being expended annually for such additional national security items as atomic energy, military assistance to other countries, and strategic stockpiles. Not many Americans realize how heavy is the price the taxpayer is paying for the duplication, service rivalry, inefficient organization, and resultant waste now characteristic of our defense operations.

One example: During fiscal 1959 alone, the three services together spent more than $4 billion for the development, production, and manning of a continental air defense system against possible enemy bombers. In other words, we spend almost $11 million a day for defenses against a small number of Soviet bombers. But these defenses are useless against such modern offensive weapons as long-range ballistic missiles or shorter-range guided and ballistic missiles launched from submarines.

By far the greatest waste in government today can be traced to the obsolete organizational structure of the Department of Defense, an organization that cannot possibly function efficiently. Most of our prominent military leaders, including General Eisenhower until he became President, have asserted that unless our defenses are reorganized on the basis of progress rather than tradition, this nation could well go broke.

As an illustration, we are currently being obliged to support a variety of air forces: the Army air

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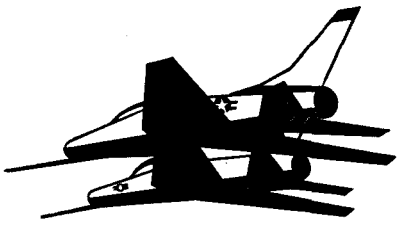
force, the Navy air force, the Air Force air force, the Marine air force, plus the Military Air Transport Service. In addition we support, in whole or in part, various reserve components such as CRAF (civil air reserve) and the Civil Air Patrol. Instead of one group of land combat forces, we support two, the Army



and the Marine Corps, plus the reserve components for both of them.

As a result of the waste all this duplication entails, the taxpayer is getting a very small combat force at very high cost. These various organizations are in active competition in weapons systems, in the bidding for skilled personnel, and in the struggle for the most desirable engineering and production facilities.

Despite the fact the science of warfare has changed more in the last fifteen years than in the previous thousand, we have not conducted a genuine weapons-system evaluation since the end of the Second World War. That failure in itself has cost the American taxpayer tens of millions of dollars a week. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent on each of many specific weapons systems. Then the projects have either been drastically curtailed or canceled. In most cases the cancellations and curtailments have not been based upon evidence that the weapons systems were not needed; they have been the result of the overriding priority given fiscal objectives by this administration.

To cite just a few of the numerous examples:

¶ The Navy spent almost $400 million on the development of the Seamaster (P6M)—a long-range amphibious bomber. This project was canceled in August of this year, during the early stages of the preparation of the fiscal 1961 budget.

¶ The Regulus II is a Navy supersonic air-breathing missile, which the Chief of Naval Operations called the best of its kind in existence. It was developed, proven, and then produced in small quantities. After several hundred million dollars had been spent, the project was canceled during the last stages of the preparation of the fiscal 1960 budget.

¶ The Air Force and the Navy spent about $250 million on facilities and materials for the development of fuel applications of boron. After such expenditures, the new facilities have been left idle, and the project has been reduced to a small-scale research operation.

IT IS NOT HARD to understand why this start-and-stop financing takes place. Each service is trying to prepare itself to wage any possible future war by itself. The duplication and waste resulting from such loose management is costing us billions.

Failure to reorganize for the nuclear and space age has compounded the waste of funds and skills. A prominent member of this administration warned that unless the friction and duplication between the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the Defense Department were eliminated soon, the taxpayers would be losing at least three billion dollars annually in that field alone.

Last spring, after examining the government's organization for space activities, a Senate subcommittee issued a unanimous report with nine specific recommendations for improving administration. It stated: "Failure to act promptly on the above-listed inadequacies will not only result in additional waste of time, money and skilled personnel, but also will impair both our national security and our international prestige." The final conclusion in this unanimous report was: "Space activities within the Department of Defense cannot be managed effectively by changes in the organization and administration of the space program alone. Such changes can only be effective if they are an integrated part of a further unification of the services within the Department of Defense."

This present ineffective organization and management brings into disrepute the entire military structure of the country. Direct and indirect derogatory publicity degrades the competence and missions of the rival services. But what is more important, it does not give us the security we should be buying with such a large expenditure.

The transition to the nuclear space age will not be cheap. But a first step that any prudent management should attempt is to make certain that the government's dollar is being well spent.

THE SAVINGS possible in the four areas I have discussed could total $10 billion. Among other things such funds could finance:

¶ The slum-clearance and urban-renewal program of the U.S. Conference of Mayors ($600 million).

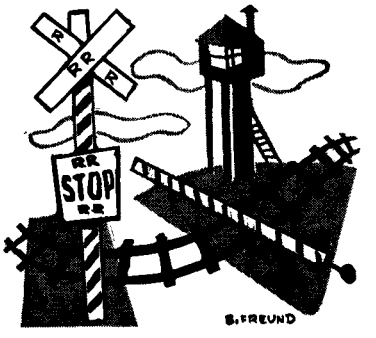
¶ The expenditure of the original Murray-Metcalf aid-to-education bill ($4.4 billion).

¶ Twice the Senate's recommendation for medical research ($800 million).

¶ A doubling of authorized funds for hospital construction under the Hill-Burton program ($420 million).

¶ The maximum Senate-committee programs for depressed areas ($400 million) and modernization of airports ($115 million).

Governments have no profit-and-loss guidelines, nor are they as limited in the ways they can meet the demands of creditors. The concessions and compromises of the political process often induce duplication and flabby practices. I believe, however, that our government could perform its proper functions, far more effectively and with solvency, if in our approach to the problem we would emphasize better management instead of retrenchment. With a hard new discipline, and with a policy of taking the people in as partners in knowledge of the true nature of our problem, it can be done.



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Homage to General Marshall

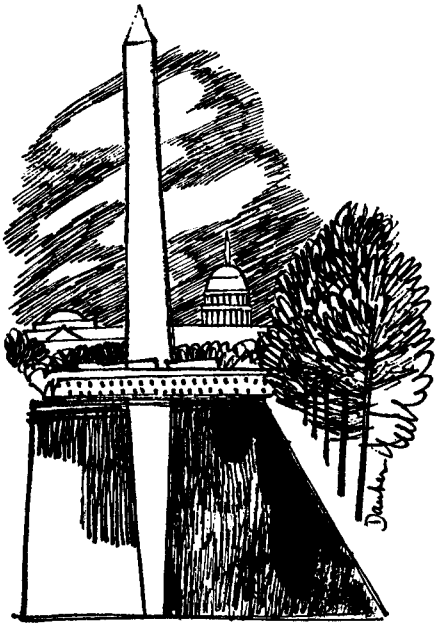
DEAN ACHESON

THE MOMENT General Marshall entered a room, everyone in it felt his presence. It was a striking and communicated force. His figure conveyed intensity, which his voice, low, staccato, and incisive, reinforced. It compelled respect. It spread a sense of authority and of calm. There was no military glamor about him and nothing of the martinet. Yet to all of us he was always "General Marshall." The title fitted him as though he had been baptized with it. He always identified himself over the telephone as "General Marshall speaking." It seemed wholly right, too. I should never have dreamed of addressing him as "Mr. Secretary"; and I have never heard anyone but Mrs. Marshall call him "George." The general expected to be treated with respect and to treat others the same way. This was the basis of his relationships.

President Truman has put his finger on another foundation of General Marshall's character. Never, wrote the President, did General Marshall think about himself. This is true and deeply significant. The ego is the ultimate corrupter of man. One who controls it has the strength of ten, for then, truly, his heart is pure. General Marshall's ego never got between him and his task. "If you want to hit a bird on the wing," said Justice Holmes, "you must have all your will in a focus, you must not be thinking about yourself, and equally, you must not be thinking about your neighbor; you must be living in your eye on that bird. Every achievement is a bird on the wing." General Marshall lived in his eye on the task in hand.

With General Marshall self-control came, as I suppose it always comes, from self-discipline. He was, in a phrase that has quite gone out of use, in command of himself. He could make himself go to bed and go to sleep on the eve of D day, because his work was done and he must be fresh for the decisions of the day to come. He could put aside the Supreme Command in Europe in favor of General Eisenhower, because his plain duty was to stay in the Pentagon dealing with that vast complex of forces which, harnessed, meant victory. And he not only could take criticism but demanded it. One illustration will suffice.

General Marshall read a speech badly. But he was a master of exposition, without text or notes, of a



subject that he knew from end to end. Anyone who heard during the war one of his outlines of the military situation, the strategic plan, with its consequences and requirements, will never forget it. After he became Secretary of State, a few of us whose suggestions and criticisms he had commanded pointed out these truths to him and suggested that he try without text a speech restricted to a single subject, which he would master. The general agreed, chose the Press Club in Washington, and required us to attend as what he called the jury.

As a test of method the speech was a complete failure. As a speech it was a great success. The very enthusiasm and applause of the audience led the general to expand upon subjects he had not intended to discuss until the speech was quite deflected from its original purpose and, though a good speech, did not say what he had intended to say.

The jury assembled in the general's office immediately after the event. In he came, rather glowing from the reception he had had to see the solemn, disapproving faces. For a few moments, with healthy combativeness, he fought against the verdict; then said that, of course, we were right and that he would read the wretched things in the future, as that seemed the lesser of the evils.

For most men—especially prominent men—a public performance deeply engages their vanity. It is hard to think of Winston Churchill or Franklin Roosevelt asking for or accepting a judgment of subordinates about their speeches. In fact, it would take courage bordering on foolhardiness to venture a criticism to either. But the author of the Marshall Plan wanted it and accepted it. He knew that he must speak carefully and specifically. His job required this. If it involved reading, at which he knew he was not good, he cheerfully accepted the verdict. Who knows or cares, today, whether the audience at Cambridge on that warm June afternoon in 1947 really knew that they had heard the greatest peacetime offer in history and were stirred? But the proposal was clear and the whole world was stirred when it realized the full magnitude of the Marshall Plan.

General Marshall had the capacity for decision. This is surely God's rarest gift of mind to man. An amalgam of mental ruggedness and objectivity (decision and self-analysis are incompatible), it requires the courage to accept responsibility and to act on information that must always be incomplete. I remember how impatient he became listening to interminable balancing of "on the one hand" with "on the other." "Don't fight the problem," he would burst out; "decide it!"

This reminds me of a remark of Justice Brandeis when, as his law clerk, I pointed out that a draft opinion of his had not answered all the arguments of losing counsel. "Some questions," he said, "can be

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decided even if not answered." And the justice went on to point out that the process of decision did not require that one view should be accepted as wholly right and the other view as wholly wrong. It was enough that the scale of judgment tipped. That was decision. Thereafter action required one to go forward wholly committed.

The capacity to decide does not necessarily mean the capacity to decide rightly. But I believe that General Marshall will be found as the years go on to have been gifted, also, with that combination of wisdom and intuition which makes for right decisions.

THESE GIFTS were shown in the decisions that led to the Marshall Plan. The idea, as has been pointed out often, was the work of many minds. But three decisions of the greatest importance were made by General Marshall. The first was to act, and to act immediately. His negotiations with the Russians in early 1947 had convinced him that no agreement could be reached because they thought that Europe would disintegrate through economic collapse and that they would inherit the bankrupt estate. The reports of his staff led him to believe that this could happen. He concluded that it must not be permitted to occur. That, to him, meant action at once. The difficulties in the way might have seemed insuperable to anyone else, but to him they merely called for extra effort.

The second decision was that the plan for European recovery must come from and be devised by the Europeans themselves. The United States should stand ready to furnish the means that Europe could not supply; but it should not, and would not, offer or impose an American plan. Our role would be to help those who energetically and co-operatively helped themselves. The arguments on the other side are easy to imagine. What, write a blank check? Ask others to write the specifications which we must fill? But the plan never would have succeeded without the decision he made.

The third decision was perhaps the most difficult of all: that the offer should be made to all of Europe and not merely to Western Europe. There was plenty of advice the other way. The Russians, if included, would sabotage the plan. Congress would never appropriate the money. But the general was adamant. If Europe was to be divided more deeply and more lastingly than it was already, Moscow had to do it, not Washington. It was done by Moscow.

Distinguished memoir writers have criticized some of General Marshall's decisions during the war when he was Chief of Staff. Doubtless some of these decisions are subject to criticism. But, as one looks back over the vast congeries of his judgments—involving, as they did, the use of our whole manpower (how much in the army; how much in production), the development of weapons, the priority of theaters of war, strategy within theaters, the personnel of command —the result, compared with similar judgments in any other war we have fought, is vastly impressive. To Secretary of War Stimson it was more than this. "I have never seen," he said, "a task of such magnitude performed by man." Consider, for instance, General Marshall's selection of officers for high command compared with that of General Halleck in the Civil War. General Marshall knew the Army list backwards and forwards and had served with every senior officer on it, and many not so senior. Before the war he had cleared the decks by a judicious series of retirements. There were no McClellans, Burnsides, Hookers, or Popes among his selections.

General Marshall never answered his critics. It would have been wholly out of character for him to have done so. But, more than this, he had a sort of sympathy with them. His decisions, he said more than once, were adopted and were largely successful. Why should he now try to prove that his critics' views could not have succeeded? If they wished to justify their views, it was their privilege. This tolerance of criticism, this willingness to let the record speak for itself without interpretation by him, is supremely typical of him.

This is not the place, nor am I equipped, to review and defend General Marshall's military decisions—though I am persuaded that it can and will be done most successfully. It is enough here to point out, as Sir Winston Churchill has done, that among the deficiencies of hindsight is that, while we know the consequences of what was done, we do not know the consequences of some other course which was not followed. This need not, of course, blind us to the causes of disaster. But it should make us hesitate to criticize actions which were eminently successful on the ground that some other course might have been even more successful.

General Marshall was dead set against memoirs, autobiography, or diaries—that is, by himself. He refused to criticize others. But his own course was clear and so were his reasons for it. We talked about it many times. First, he would say, half humorously, that he believed in a division of labor. It fell to some people to be caught up in doing things, in a world of action. Others were qualified to analyze, appraise, and record what had been done.

He was not qualified, he would say, to do this. Perhaps Caesar was, perhaps Sir Winston was, but he was not. Furthermore, he did not propose to try, because—and these are almost his exact words—however great his responsibilities were, his view was at best incomplete and limited. Some of the factors involved were inevitably hidden from him. Therefore, should he write or speak from the viewpoint of his limited knowledge, his words might be construed by others to be critical of men for whom he had the highest respect and admiration. I wonder how many men have ever had such fundamental humility or so delicate and punctilious a sense of honor.

I must not leave the reader with the impression of an unbending and stern man. General Marshall could be and often was formidable. But he could also relax when he wished to, and he had humor.

One drizzling Sunday morning during the war the general in his raincoat was sitting on a box pulling weeds out of his Leesburg lawn, when General Bedell Smith arrived from European headquarters. General Marshall told him to go ahead with his report. Meanwhile he went on pulling weeds. When the rain began trickling off General Smith's nose, he burst out, "General, do I have to report standing here in this rain?" "Certainly not," said General Marshall; "turn that pail over and

Photograph from Wide World

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sit on it." But they went into the house.

One of his most engaging traits was his ability to leave any gathering when the time to go arrived. A courteous word to his hostess, or to the chairman, or to the audience, and he was gone like a shot. He had no patience with that insufferable species, the doorway talker, the dallier over departure. When he was through, he was through—and off he went. One of his departures has always seemed to me perfect. Cabinet officers have to have their portraits painted, a process in which often the painter runs afoul of the sitter's self-esteem. For one of his official portraits the general sat patiently many times, courteously responding to all the painter's requests. Finally, the portrait was done. The general said his good-bys and started to leave. "Don't you want to see the portrait, general?" asked the painter. "No, thank you," said the general and left.

General Marshall's recreation was truly recreative and refreshing. He was not one for games indoors or out. He loved to ride a horse, to go bird shooting, and to work in his garden. There he was always experimenting. One spring he had learned that the Indians used to put fishheads under their hills of corn. So he did, with some complaint from the household and great interest on the part of the neighborhood cats.

As a raconteur General Marshall ranked high, and surprisingly, in view of his official brusqueness and taciturnity, he loved to spin his yarns. At one time when Mrs. Marshall was in the hospital he dined occasionally alone with us. In those evenings he talked about his boyhood in Pennsylvania, his early years in the Army, and people he had known—and delightful talk it was. With a boyhood friend he discovered the law of supply and demand. In the ruins of a burned-out barn they set out some tomato plants, and produced the largest, most luscious tomatoes in town which brought premium prices in the local stores. To their joy, quantity was added to quality. More and more of these delicious giants poured from their vines until they had glutted their market and prices had collapsed.

THEN there were the long nights, at the turn of the century, for the first lieutenant of cavalry in command of a lonely outpost in northern Luzon, newly separated from his bride, the first Mrs. Marshall, enduring with a brother officer the interminable tedium between the monthly steamer calls. One evening an idea occurred to him. Over a year or more his wife in almost every letter referred to her weight. She had gained so much, or lost so much. They decided to work out her present weight. Starting with an approximate weight on their departure from the States, Lieutenant Marshall went through the letters calling out the gains and losses, while his colleague kept the tally. In the end they came to the disconcerting conclusion that Mrs. Marshall weighed minus fifteen.

And so it went, until on the stroke of nine o'clock the general made his bow and was gone. On my last day as Under Secretary of State, June 30, 1947, the general told me that the President wished to discuss some matters with both of us before I left office. We went about noon to the Presidential office, where the talk seemed to me curiously inconsequential. Then a sizable group in the rose garden attracted my attention, and my amazement as I recognized my wife, my children and grandchildren. At this point the President and the Secretary of State took me out and conferred on me the Award for Merit. No other words of approval or disapproval of my service ever passed the general's lips. None was needed.

That day did not, as we both supposed at the time, end our work together. A little over four years later the general came back once more on the call of the President to be Secretary of Defense in the hard days of the Korean War. President Truman has spoken of the strength and wisdom that he brought to the government. It cannot be overestimated. One thing only can I add which throws yet another light on the character of this noble and generous man.

When he returned to the cabinet, I was Secretary of State, the senior cabinet officer. To all of us it was natural and proper that next to the President deference was due to General Marshall. But he would have none of it. The Secretary of State was the senior officer to whom he punctiliously deferred, not only in matters of protocol but in council as well.

I can think of no more fitting words with which to take leave of him than those of the only man I know who could be said to be cast from the same classic mold. On V-E day Colonel Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, concluding his address to the U.S. High Command, said to General Marshall, "I have seen a great many soldiers in my lifetime and you, Sir, are the finest soldier I have ever known."

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Rhee Runs Again

EDWARD NEILAN

SEOUL

PRESIDENTIAL elections are approaching in the Republic of Korea, and nothing so occidental as a public-opinion poll is necessary to predict the outcome. Nine and a quarter million South Koreans, or roughly ninety-five per cent of the eligible electorate, are expected to go to the polls some time between March and June next year and overwhelmingly re-elect eighty-four-year-old Syngman Rhee to a fourth term as chief executive of the country which receives more U.S. foreign aid (fiscal 1959: economic, $215.8 million; military, $175 million) than any other nation in the world and which possesses one of the world's largest standing armies.

A few months ago the prospects for a Rhee landslide victory in the United Nations-observed and American embassy-scrutinized elections were not so conclusive. Recent developments, including a disastrous typhoon, have changed the picture considerably.

Chough and Chang

Most significant has been the almost total disintegration of solidarity in the opposition Democratic Party, due to a dispute between its two leaders, who are vying for the party presidential nomination. Party leader Chough Pyung Ok's moderates and Vice-President John Chang's extremists actually came to blows at the late September South Kyongsang provincial party convention, when each faction blamed the other for irregularities in electing leaders of the county chapters.

Chough had gained in popularity and influence in the recent reorganization of the rural chapters, much to the distress of Chang's group. Chang's extremists favor dividing the party leadership and the presidential nomination between the two factions. Chough's old-guard moderates, sensing their new strength, want to make the presidential candidate concurrently party chief.

Both Chough and Chang formerly held high positions in the Rhee government. Sixty-five-year-old Chough, a Columbia University graduate, was police commissioner during the U.S. military government days, chief Korean observer to the United Nations in 1949, and minister of home affairs in 1950. He has been a member of the national assembly since 1956. Chang, sixty, is a graduate of Manhattan College and was U.N. observer in 1948 and 1950, prime minister in 1950. Elected to the vice-presidency in 1956, Chang was shot in the hand in an assassination attempt later that year.

Precisely at the time the Democrats were throwing punches at their provincial convention, Typhoon Sarah visited that and other provincial areas, killing 747, leaving 984,000 homeless, and causing an estimated $160 million worth of damage. When the rains and winds subsided, the Democrats continued their haggling but Rhee's Liberal Party organization in that area turned out en masse to distribute relief supplies to the homeless and to several thousand who probably didn't have homes before the typhoon anyway. Liberal Party stock soared.

In a not so inscrutable rallying move on October 10, Chough announced that he was withdrawing from contention for the Democratic presidential nomination. In Seoul's smoky, music-filled tea rooms, which are informal political headquarters, the consensus is that not even this dramatic bid to unify the party—and get himself drafted into running despite his "withdrawal"—will heal the party's wound.

National disillusionment with the Democrats, who at present furnish the only hope for a responsible opposition, has been accompanied by a seemingly marked improvement in tactics by the Liberal Party organization throughout the country. Roughhouse methods are slowly giving way to more refined campaigning. Utilizing their new "soft sell" saturation approach, the Liberals won an overwhelming victory in a September election in the Bosung district of South Cholla Province, where their candidate polled eighty-six per cent of all votes cast, the highest percentage that has ever been received by an assembly candidate since the establishment of the government.

CLOAKROOM ANALYSTS at the U.S. embassy here express concern over what they call a growing power clique just below President Rhee. The president's policy of delegating more and more authority to his cabinet ministers instead of "checking every five-dollar invoice," as he used to do, has contributed to this cliché. Rhee's own method of keeping his colleagues honest is reflected in the total of more than a hundred individuals who have served as cabinet ministers since the Republic was founded in 1948.

The vice-presidential race in the coming election takes on added significance because of Rhee's advanced age. In the event of the death of the chief executive, the vice-president, currently oppositionist Chang, would step in. Rhee's running mate for vice-president will be Speaker of the National Assembly Lee Ki Poong, who was narrowly defeated by Chang in the last election. Lee, at sixty-three, is second only to Rhee in terms of political power. He is a former presidential secretary, defense minister, and mayor of Seoul and is presently chairman of the Liberal Party Central Committee.

The Liberals will be pushing for an election date early in 1960 to take advantage of the crumbling Democratic organization and to give the opposition less time to campaign against the well-oiled Liberal district machinery. Another reason for early voting is to minimize effects of the Communists' narcotics-financed plan to disrupt the election through subversion and perhaps assassination.

The Press of Opposition

If the Democrats manage to restore some semblance of organization before the year is out, Korea's controversial press could play an important role in the campaigning. Senator Hubert Humphrey, who recently said that freedom of the press was "seriously compromised" in the Republic of Korea today, was all too correct—but in a way which the sen-

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ator will probably not realize until he fulfills his promise to "devote myself to a thorough study of our aid program in Korea."

If his devotion carries him here he will find the press lacks financial independence. Extortion and slander are rampant. The opposition *Kyunghyang Shinmun,* closed by the government under a U.S. military government ordinance still in effect, was one of the worst offenders. The government action was upheld by the Seoul appellate court in a case that was highly interesting here and largely misunderstood abroad.

The journalistic air in Seoul is somewhat fresher and cleaner since *Kyunghyang* disappeared, but there is still a heavily opposition atmosphere. *Dong-a Ilbo* (circulation 250,000), fast-rising *Hankook Ilbo* (175,000), and London *Times*-like *Chosun Ilbo* (150,000) all take the government to task regularly and vociferously in a fashion that would do Senator Humphrey's heart good. Opposition is a tradition of the Korean press, which fought hard against Japanese oppression during the forty-year occupation, and the pro-government Seoul *Shinmum* (circulation 150,000) is waging a tough struggle to win readers.

Prospects of brisk election campaigning may at last bring some foreign correspondents into Seoul, the only Asian capital that doesn't have any. Some Korean officials are at a loss to understand why the Associated Press and United Press International station a dozen American reporters in Tokyo and none in Seoul, where the U.S. government's investment in dollars and personnel is so high.

A FINAL underlying and underlining influence on the elections is the modest but real economic upsurge that has taken place in the country. Government workers' salaries were doubled last year. Consumer goods are more plentiful, the rice harvests and pricing policies have been satisfactory, and the zooming standard of living in Seoul is gradually expanding into the provinces. In short, the government is making headway against the myriad economic problems besetting the country, and that progress is recognized among the people.

Finland's Mortgaged Democracy

GORDON SHEPHERD

UNTIL about a year ago Finland seemed destined to serve as a model for coexistence between a Communist empire of two hundred million and a tiny democratic neighbor of four million. With the Finno-Soviet Treaty of 1948, the Soviet Union had secured external protection by binding Finland in advance to help repel any fresh German attack; in return Finland hoped it had bought internal freedom. And indeed for more than ten years the Soviets honored their pledge of non-interference in the affairs of the people who live among the sixty thousand frozen lakes and islands along their northwestern border.

Then came the troubles of last winter, when the strongest anti-Communist coalition Finland ever had was toppled by Soviet pressure to make way for a neutral minority government acceptable to Moscow.

The seeds of the crisis had unwittingly been sown by the Finnish people themselves. In July, 1958, the Finnish Communist Party had emerged from the polls as the country's biggest single parliamentary group, with fifty out of the Diet's two hundred seats. The Finns are probably the most conservative of all European peoples, and most of the thirty-five thousand card-carrying Communists who form the party's core are apparently inspired by national tradition rather than international ideology. They are the sons or grandsons of the men who fought a long underground battle against the Czars, with the Russian Bolsheviks as their allies. To these people, the Communist wave that brought their struggle to victory in 1917 still seems a quasi-patriotic rather than a world-revolutionary movement.

More than four hundred thousand people, or more than ten times the hard core, actually voted Communist in 1958. This floating vote carries the usual scum of opportunists and fellow travelers. But its main strength seems to be the economically disgruntled rather than the ideologically fascinated. Finland has more than a hundred thousand unemployed and there is much poverty, especially in the icy wilderness of the north.

Coalition and Compromise

Last winter, however, Finland's democratic forces, alarmed by the Communist vote, united behind Socialist Prime Minister August Fagerholm to exclude the Reds from power. The Conservative-Agrarian-Socialist-Liberal coalition he pieced together after five weeks' negotiations commanded 137 of the Diet's two hundred seats and left the Communist bloc in impotent opposition.

Stung into action by this ideological affront, both the Russian and Chinese ambassadors left Helsinki, and both Russia and China suspended their trade talks with the Finns.

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A menacing flood of abuse poured from the Soviet press and radio in which anti-Soviet politicians in Finland were singled out by name. It was a classic war of nerves. After secret talks with Khrushchev in Leningrad, President Urho Kekkonen finally gave ground. When all attempts to form an emergency administration under his control broke down, he called on the colorless Agrarian leader V. J. Sukselainen to form a government. Moscow accepted this stopgap solution because the Agrarians are traditional proponents of friendship with Russia and a promising leftist movement is developing in their ranks. The democratic parties accepted it because it avoided the extraparliamentary adventure of indirect presidential rule. President Kekkonen accepted it because, as an ex-Agrarian himself, he hoped to maintain his hold on affairs through his old party colleagues.

The Finns, and with them all Scandinavia, breathed again. Yet the harsh fact remained that a democratic government representing the bulk of the electorate had been pulled down because it was "anti-Soviet." What would be the fate of future non-Communist coalitions? Had President Kekkonen signed away Finland's freedom by giving the Kremlin a political mortgage he could never redeem?

THE FINNS have been facing up to this ugly possibility by quietly reappraising the protective countermeasures at their command. Three broad quests have resulted: the search for new international guarantees, the search for economic independence from the Soviet Union, and the search for political unity and stability at home.

The bid to give Finland a new international profile was publicly launched in the Helsinki periodical *Sosialistinen Aikakauslehti* early in the summer by a former diplomat, Urho Toivola. His proposal turns on Finland's so-called neutral status. At the moment this rests on a single clause in the preamble to the Moscow treaty acknowledging Finland's "desire to remain outside the conflicts of the great powers."

To have wrested even those few words from Stalin during the murky dawn of the cold war was no small achievement. Yet the fact that Finland's neutrality had only one sponsor became awkward when that same sponsor broke his pledges of noninterference, for there was not a single document on which the western world could base diplomatic counterpressure. Toivola accordingly proposes that the Diet should pass its own neutrality law on the pattern of Austria's Declaration of October, 1955, and that this law should then be recognized separately by all the great powers in turn.

Unfortunately, the Toivola plan seems far harder to achieve in practise than to put on paper. One Finnish statesman gave me the following forthright comment on it: "The Russians would only agree if this were the first step toward neutralizing the whole Baltic area. As an isolated move, it hasn't a chance."

Finland's second aim—increased economic independence from the Soviet Union—is a more solid bet. It was only through postwar reparations that Finno-Soviet trade rose to the present modest level of 17.6 per cent of Finland's total commerce. To provide the goods demanded by Moscow, Finland, whose economy had hitherto been based on its timber industry, had to create a metallurgical industry as well. The growth of Finnish home consumption since then has meant that this metal industry is no longer dependent on Soviet markets. Today, even a total Soviet trade boycott could not cripple Finland economically. What it could do (and did do last winter) is cause a sudden worsening of Finland's grave unemployment position, especially in shipbuilding.

The non-Communist world, which accounts for more than seventy per cent of Finland's trade, can always step in effectively at a crisis if it uses sufficiently discreet methods. But what is needed even more than emergency aid is investment in the form of western or World Bank credits to develop Finland's immense natural resources. In the matter of preserving Finland's economic freedom, prevention is not only better than cure; in the long run it is the only possible cure.

'Red-Green' Spectrum

Politically, the present picture is a doleful one. Naturally, the Soviet hold is strongest on Finland's Communist Party, but Soviet influence has also driven a wedge into Finland's two other major parties—the Socialists and the Agrarians, who together hold ninety-eight of the Diet's seats. For years, the "Red-Green" coalition between them has been the

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basic partnership in Finnish politics. The Agrarians still present a common front to the voters, though a pan-Soviet wing is already receiving personal encouragement from Khrushchev. Among the Social Democrats, the "progressives" have destroyed even the façade of unity. Thirteen "Independents" under Aarhe Simonen now sit in opposition to the thirty-eight "loyal" Socialist deputies who are headed by the party's veteran chairman, Vainö Tanner.

Simonen is an adventurer whose search for power has already led him to forsake his party and may one day lead him to betray his country. How far he is dependent on Russian money is a much-debated point in Helsinki, but most Finns agree that it is already too far for the nation's good. With no regular funds behind him, Simonen runs his own daily paper, *Paivan Sanomat*, which has an admitted current deficit of $360,000. His faction spent even more than the regular Socialists during last year's elections, and since then generous funds have been available to finance his campaigns.

Finland's democratic Socialists have not been panicked either by the Kremlin's long-range bombardment or by Simonen's on-the-spot dynamiting. However, confidence in the future is about the only thing their two most prominent leaders—Tanner and Fagerholm—have in common.

Tanner, the seventy-eight-year-old party chairman, is one of the last European survivors of the idealists who built parliamentary Socialism early this century. He wears black boots, puffs incessantly at a well-chewed pipe, and takes the streetcar home from official receptions. Although he himself assured me there would be "absolutely no changes" as a result of Khrushchev's attacks against him, it seems that his active days are numbered not merely by his age. The helm is passing to the "moderates," of whom the former Prime Minister Fagerholm is the unofficial leader.

If Tanner is the soul of Finnish Socialism, Fagerholm is its strategist. He is typical of the new managerial generation of politicians: he wears well-cut suits and heavy horn-rimmed glasses, holds lucrative directorships, and would never dream of going to or from formal receptions in anything but an American limousine. Though Fagerholm's resistance to Communism may be more elastic than Tanner's, I did not get the impression that it would be less determined. "My coalition government which was forced out of office last winter was the best Finland has ever had," he told me unrepentantly. "It was a working alliance of all Finland's democratic parties, Conservatives included. That is the sort of broad basis we must seek again as soon as this minority interregnum is over. Of course, the timing of the next government change, and indeed the nature of that change, depends largely upon President Kekkonen."

And so we get back to the "human question mark" in the center of Finland's political scene. What course is President Kekkonen steering? This enigmatic figure received

me for an hour's private talk at his villa on the outskirts of the capital just before I left Helsinki. He turned out to be a quiet-spoken, well-preserved man in the early sixties, looking less like a controversial statesman always in the news than a conservative banker anxious to keep out of it.

He is a dedicated man; but it is a nervous, intellectual dedication that isolates him from the people and leads to widespread suspicion of his motives. This hostility reached its climax during the upheavals of last winter when many Finns thought he had "sold them out" by dropping Fagerholm under Soviet pressure.

Kekkonen was elected as Agrarian candidate in February, 1956, with the slenderest possible majority of one electoral vote over Socialist nominee Fagerholm, and the struggle for re-election in 1962 already overshadows his thoughts. He cannot sit above party intrigue but must plunge into the imbroglio himself to secure his own future. Without wishing it, he thus tends to become a dividing rather than a unifying force in the politics of Finland. Without wishing it too, he may find these election maneuvers driving him closer than is convenient to the Communists and other Leftists whose votes he so badly needs. His personal problem is how to woo this Marxist fringe without having to marry its powerful sponsor across the border. This is also Finland's national problem, for the presidency can never get above day-to-day politics again until it is raised up there on a solid democratic majority.

Stiffening Independence?

But Finland's political problems, desperately vital though they are, are somehow too somber a note to end on. The Diet may be in a mess, but the nation isn't. Undismayed by the squabbles of their politicians, the Finns go on building a way of life based on democratic freedoms, private enterprise, and all the other pillars of that western world from which they are so isolated.

No better symbol of this could be found than the Yhtyneet Paperitehtaat Osakeyhtio, a modern, privately owned paper combine at Valkeakovski, some 150 miles north of the capital. As one of Finland's industrial showpieces, it is on the itinerary for most Russian official visits. Khrushchev and Bulganin figured prominently in the visitors' books at the beginning of their 1956 travels. A day or two after my visit, Soviet Minister of Foreign Trade N. S. Patolichev was due to be taken around.

He would approve, I thought, of the machine turning out brown bags for Soviet butter. On the other hand, I imagined he would walk indignantly past the machines nearby which were cutting 500,000 sacks to hold portland cement for Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa. But the real body blow he would receive from a long assembly line working all out on one of the company's biggest export orders. This was for twelve million "Boards, Shirt, with Collar support" consigned to the U.S. Quartermaster Depot at Nahbollenbach in West Germany for use in Command laundries. The thought that neutral Finland was aiding NATO even to the extent of stiffening the G.I.s' clean shirts must have been a galling one.

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Debate in the Moonlight

GORE VIDAL

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE . . . rhapsodized about love; but it believed in cruelty. It was afraid of the cruel people; and it saw that cruelty was at least effective. Cruelty did things that made money, whereas Love did nothing but prove the soundness of La Rochefoucauld's saying that very few people would fall in love if they had never read about it. Heartbreak House in short did not know how to live, at which point all that was left to it was the boast that at least it knew how to die: a melancholy accomplishment which the outbreak of war presently gave it practically unlimited opportunities of displaying. Thus were the first-born of Heartbreak House smitten; and the young, the innocent, the hopeful expiated the folly and worthlessness of their elders."

That is from Bernard Shaw's odd preface to his even odder play, now revived at the Billy Rose Theatre. The preface is odd, among other things, because it is written with the wrong sort of hindsight. Shaw did not know when he began the play in 1913 that the first-born were going to be struck down. Nor is there any reference to war, actual or impending, in the first two acts. The third act, however, was completed after the first aerial bombardments in history, and Shaw, rather casually, uses this, dropping a bomb to end the play. Yet it is not the residents of Heartbreak House or their first-born who get blown up; only a businessman and a burglar expiate the folly and worthlessness of . . . what? Not Heartbreak House certainly; capitalism, perhaps.

Everything about the play is queer, even its production history. Plans to put it on during the war went awry; Shaw finally published it with preface in 1919. Not until 1920 was the play produced in New York; in the next year it got to the West End. The preface is unique in Shaw for its bitterness and hysteria, and the play—well, there are those who put it first among his work and there are those who don't know what to think of it. I'm afraid after seeing it performed for the first time the other day that I liked it a good deal less than I thought I did from having read it; parenthetically, I should put quite plainly here at the top that I regard Bernard Shaw as the best and most useful dramatist in English since the author of *Much Ado About Nothing* turned gentleman and let fall the feather.

WHAT IS Heartbreak House? In the context of the play it stands for the ruling class of England pre-1914. The "nice people," somewhat educated, somewhat sensitive, somewhat independent financially (their cousins the hearties lived over at Horseback Hall); they were devotees of *laissez faire;* they rhapsodized about love—but I have already quoted Shaw's indictment. Heartbreak House of course is only another name for our new friend the Establishment, a protective association made up of public-school boys who come down from Oxbridge to take over Whitehall, the Church of England, the BBC, Fleet Street, the better-looking girls, and everything else that's fun, while (young writers tell us) sneering at the newly articulate *lumpenproletariat* who have gone to red-brick colleges where, if one reads the new novels accurately, the main course given is Opportunism: don't reform, adapt. The jocose nihilism of many of the anti-Establishment novels and plays is no more than a love-hate acceptance of the Establishment; they approach it on its own terms in a way Shaw would have detested. Where he would have leveled Heartbreak House to make way for a carefully planned housing project, the new attackers of the Establishment merely want to move into some of those nice rooms at the top, an attitude ignoble to a socialist and hopelessly petty to an outsider, who sees that the rooms at the top of a diminished England are not much better than those directly under. The Establishment has only an island to tend, while Heartbreak House, with Asquith and Bonar Law and Ramsay Mac for weekend guests, governed much of the world. To put it plain, Shaw's target was important; and he knew what he wanted, which was not to adapt, nor make his way, but reform.

I think we know pretty much what Shaw intended to do in *Heartbreak House,* yet what actually *did* he do in the play itself? For one thing, it is improvised work. Shaw admitted he made it up as he went along, not knowing from day to day what his characters would do or say or become. He always tended to work this way, regarding a play essentially as an organism with a life of its own; one need only nurture it and let it assume its own shape. He even used to keep a kind of checkerboard at hand to remind him who was on stage and who was off at any given moment in the writing. There is no doubt this method served him as well as any other; his night-mind was not, to say the least, fantastic; I am sure deep in his unconscious there lurked not the usual nightmare monsters of the rest of us but, in filing cabinets, yards of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis, all neatly labeled. Yet in *Heartbreak House* Shaw's improvisatory genius breaks down; he keeps marching into conversational *culs-de-sac.*

For example, in the second act the play comes to a grinding halt after Boss Mangan, recovered from hypnotic trance, denounces and is denounced by those who happen to be on stage at the moment, and exits. Then Captain Shotover tosses a Delphic phrase or two upon the night and paddles off. (Later the Captain, while trying for an exit, says, almost apologetically: "I must go in and out"—a tendency he shares with everyone else in this play; they all go in and out at whim.) This ill-madeness is often beguiling except on those occasions when it defeats the author, who finds himself with nobody left on stage except a couple who don't have much of anything to say to one another at the moment. It is then that Shaw invariably,

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shamelessly, brings on The New Character, who is very often a member of the lower classes with a colorful speech pattern usually written out phonetically in the text. This time he is the Burglar, a comic character right out of Dickens where Shaw claimed, not entirely facetiously, to have got most of his characters, at least those who are not himself. The Burglar is one of Shaw's standbys used in play after play; he is awful but at least he starts the second act moving again, giving it a certain vivacity. As usual, Shaw, delighted with his own cunning, starts tying up ends; why the burglar is really the Captain's old bos'n, the nurse's husband, etc., etc. And now let's have a long chat about the poor and the exploited, the exploiters and the *rentiers,* and then the act ends.

As a rule, Shaw's arbitrariness does not disturb; after all, he is conducting a seminar with enormous wit and style and we don't mind much his more casual contrivances. But in this play they don't come off. And I think it has to do with a fundamental conflict between characters and setting. The characters, of course, are our old friends, the Bernard Shaw Team of Fabian Debaters; we know every one of them already. But what are they doing in this peculiar midsummer's-eve ambience? They seem a bit puzzled too; one feels as they debate with their usual ease that they are nervously eying the shrubbery: are there elves down in that garden? Have we been booked into an Allegory? Are we going to find out we're all dead or something? Steady, chaps, the old boy's got us into one of *those* plays. They rattle on bravely but they are clearly ill at ease and so is the audience. I think it was one of the daily critics who observed that the mood is not Chekhov but J. M. Barrie. Which is exactly right. We are led to expect magic, fey girls upon the heath, and revelation through fantasy. But we get none of it. Instead we are offered the old Debating Team in top form but in the wrong place and mood (oh, for that dentist's office!). As a result the debaters recede as characters; we grow indifferent to them; they are too humorous in the antique sense. Especially Ellie, Shaw's supergirl. In this version she is more than ever iron, ready to mother not heroes but heroines. Shaw dotes on Ellie; I found her purest drip-torture. Halfway through the play I had a startling *aperçu:* Shaw regarded himself not as a man or an artist or a social meliorist but

as a kind of Superwoman, a chaste spinster fiercely armed with the umbrella of dialectic, asexual limbs blue-stockinged, and tongue wagging. Of all the debaters assembled, I liked only Captain Shotover, because his dottiness contrasts agreeably with the uneasy predictability of his teammates.

Finally, at the play's end, I found myself entirely confused as to what Shaw intended. Shaw is not, even when he would like to be, an impressionist, a Chekhov turning life before our eyes to no end but that life observed is sufficient: Look, we live . . . we are, says Chekhov. While Shaw declares briskly: Pull up your socks! Fall in line there. Come along now. Double quick march; we'll overtake the future by morning! One loves Shaw for his optimism, but moonlight is not a time for marching, and *Heartbreak House* is a moonlight play, suitable for recapturing the past but hopeless for making plans. Elegy and debate cancel one another out. Nor is the work really satiric, an attack on "folly and worthlessness." These people are splendid and unique and Shaw knows it. He has no intention of blowing them up at the end.

Shaw's prefaces, no matter how proudly irrelevant their content may at first seem to the play that follows (sometimes a bit forlornly), usually turn out to be apposite or at least complementary. But not this preface. In fact, it is misleading. Shaw talks about Chekhov. He finds the country-house mentality Chekhov *seems* to be writing about endemic to Europe, part of the sweet sickness of the bourgeoisie. Therefore Shaw will examine the same house in the same way, only in English terms. Ever since that preface, we have all dutifully considered this play in terms of Chekhov. Does it compare? Is it as good? Why is it unlike? Mr. Brooks Atkinson recently remarked that Chekhov's dying fall does not suit Shaw, who never dies, never falls, who stands ready with a program for every need. This is certainly true, yet I have a hunch that if Shaw had not given us a false lead, none of us would have ever thought to compare him to Chekhov. True, both are dealing with the same dying society of "nice people," but where Chekhov's interest was the "nice people," Shaw's interest was the dying society and the birth pains of the new.

Shaw once told Sir Cedric Hardwicke that he had no idea of how to end the play until the first bombs fell. I suspect he had originally planned to allow Captain Shotover to attain the Seventh Degree of concentration, thereby detonating the dynamite he had stored in the gravel pit and blowing up the enemy Mangan. As it was, at the last minute the bomb from the Zeppelin did the trick even better, providing Shaw quite literally with a god from the machine. Then almost as an afterthought, Shaw comes to the point:

Hector: Well, I don't mean to be drowned like a rat in a trap. I still have the will to live. What am I to do?

Captain Shotover: Do? Nothing simpler. Learn your business as an Englishman.

Hector: And what may my business as an Englishman be, pray?

Captain Shotover: Navigation. Learn it and live; or leave it and be damned.

And that's it. Captain Shotover, supposed to have sold his soul to the devil, to have meddled with mysticism, to have mastered the non sequitur, turns out to be a good Fabian socialist after all. Obviously, Shotover was a humbug mystic, excusably deranged by the setting Shaw put him in; not until faced with his world's extinction does he throw off the mask of dottiness to reveal the bright, hard, intelligent face of Bernard Shaw, who to this day has a good deal to tell us about the danger of a society drifting as opposed to

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one which has learned the virtue of setting a deliberate course by fixed stars. To navigate is to plan. *Laissez faire,* though always delightful for a few, in crisis is disastrous for all. There is no alternative to a planned society; that is the ineluctable burden of the Shaw debate. Almost as an afterthought he makes this familiar point as the bomb drops near Heartbreak House.

THE PRODUCTION now on view is ambitious, and at many points successful. As usual, I found myself more attentive to the audience than to the play. As they say in physics, there is no action without reaction. I can think of no urgent reason for writing about productions in the theater unless one also writes about the audience too. The play acts upon the audience, which is society today; the audience reacts and in its reaction one can get a sense of the superstitions and prejudices which obtain. Theater can be revelatory. In fact, I wish sociologists would spend more time in the theater and less in conducting polls and drawing graphs. Any audience at *Tea and Sympathy* or *Auntie Mame* will tell them more about the way we live now than a house-to-house canvass from Morristown to White Plains with pad and pencil.

In the case of an old play like *Heartbreak House* one may also use it as a touchstone. In the 1920's it seemed one thing, in the 1930's another, and so on. To those watching the day I saw it, *Heartbreak House* was a delightful place, menaced by burglars, self-made men, and Zeppelins. The clothes were chic yet quaint and every woman saw herself up there pouring tea for weak enamored men who tended to burst into tears while the ladies talked a bright blue streak. Whenever the debate really got going, 1959's attention flagged: Is that a rubber plant? Can they still get egret feathers or is that an imitation? Did you leave the keys in the car? Bernard Shaw, I'm afraid, was being taken for Oscar Wilde, afflicted with un-Wildean *longueurs.* To put it bluntly, we are not used to debate at any level. If Bernard Shaw, who made the act of argument as pleasurable as any writer who ever lived, cannot hold his audience except by predictable paradoxes and references to adultery and all the familiar junk of the Commercialites, we, the audience, are in a bad way. Although in fairness it must be admitted that talking about society and the better life and planning of any sort has never been a characteristic of the Anglo-American mind.

HAPPILY, Mr. Harold Clurman has directed this production just as though we were really awake out there and knew what was going on. He is enormously helped by Miss Diana Wynyard and Miss Pamela Brown, who are beautifully right for this kind of thing. Mr. Maurice Evans, an actor I seem to like only as Richard II no matter what else he plays, is very fine as Captain Shotover. I'm not sure dressing up to look like Bernard Shaw was a wise idea; I suspect Shaw would have hated it, but it does help Mr. Evans to hide beneath whiskers and putty the self-pitying face of Richard II, and I could not have liked him more. Mr. Sam Levene of course was all wrong as Boss Mangan. He is a good *farceur,* but in another style, and his scenes tended to throw everyone else off: it was not unlike casting our own beloved Miss Marjorie Main as Lady Bracknell. The other weak link is Miss Diane Cilento as Ellie, the supergirl. Miss Cilento plays with a grinding monotony made worse because she has gone and got herself one of those Voices. Let me explain. Right after the war, Miss Pamela Brown's most lovely strange diction was the ambition and despair of every English girl on the stage. We got Miss Brown's Voice in every possible key. Then there was heard in the land Miss Joan Greenwood's hoarse intimate rasp, to our delight and her peers' despair. Now Miss Cilento has distilled herself a voice which is two parts Brown and one part Greenwood, and I think she ought to give it up. Right now. She is a beautiful girl with some talent; yet if Ellie is to be made less than revolting she must be played with as little artifice and as much "naturalness" as possible. I daresay Mr. Clurman was aware of this but sooner get a bird to sing Mozart than force an actress to discard a Voice she has worked on. All in all, reservations about this particular play aside, I hope it runs forever and gives heart to those who expect the theater to be something more than a business for those who, in their calculated desire to please us, only make us more than ever absent of mind.

In the Name of Agony

HILTON KRAMER

AT FIRST GLANCE the exhibition "New Images of Man," organized by Dr. Peter Selz, represents something new for the Museum of Modern Art. By and large, the museum has always shied away from questions of philosophical significance. Its various directors and curators have preferred a formalist, historical approach to art whenever possible—indeed, at times when it has clearly not been possible (*vide* the attempt a few years ago to pass off an exhibition of automobiles as "hollow, rolling sculptures"). The museum's extensive publications reflect this bias uniformly. A typical catalogue or monograph consists of a chronological table of events, an impersonal text tracing out the "life of forms" in a particular artist's or group's development, and a good selection of plates. Such publications supply useful information and often take their place as indispensable works of reference, but they remain curiously immune to questions that may lay claim to some intellectual urgency.

The "New Images of Man" exhibition promised a shift of attention from historical formalism to a more urgent focus on the expressive content of contemporary art. Dr. Selz has joined the Modern Museum staff after publishing a good book on *German Expressionist Painting,* and he seemed equipped by intellectual

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disposition to effect this shift in approach. Unfortunately, I think the "New Images" exhibition—the first to be organized by Dr. Selz at the museum—will reflect discredit not only on itself but on the whole attempt to mount exhibitions on this plan. It has turned out to be the very model of how not to undertake a venture of this kind, and it will only give comfort to those who prefer to keep our museums innocent of serious intellectual functions.

What has gone wrong? The incredible thing about this exhibition is that without the catalogue—I shall speak of the catalogue presently—one would scarcely have a clue to its ostensible purpose. Here are twenty-three artists, some famous and some obscure, each represented by three or more works, arranged in little one-man shows exactly as they would be in any other museum show. The guiding impulse here turns out to be the same old formalism after all, for nobody has taken the trouble to *read* the works of these artists, and thus install the exhibition according to its imagery.

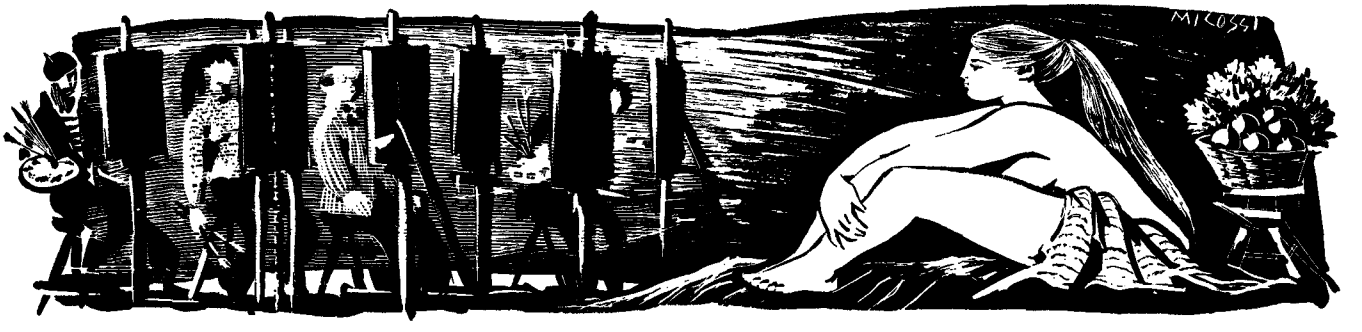
Some of the artists here are so well known and so often and widely exhibited—Giacometti, Dubuffet, de Kooning, Roszak, Bacon, and others—that only a show that really presented them in a new configuration could justify their inclusion another time around. An exhibition that could jolt us into seeing this work with new meaning would indeed have an exhilarating effect on the current art scene. The "New Images of Man" is not such an exhibition. Dr. Selz has not carried through the premises of his own program and openly installed these works *as images*. They come to us as mere objects, unconnected by anything but authorship or reputation, each with its signature and its private little claim to attention. Nowhere does the vision "take over" and guide us to a new insight or understanding.

THE CATALOGUE is something else. The volume, also called *New Images of Man* (Doubleday, $5), has an intellectual existence quite independent of the exhibition. In addition to Dr. Selz's introductory text and commentaries on the individual artists, we have a prefatory statement from the Protestant theologian Dr. Paul Tillich, statements from most of the twenty-three artists, and a curious array of quotations and contributions from René Char, Meyer Schapiro, Frank O'Hara, and Richard Wilbur, plus learned notes, bibliographies, and an ample selection of plates. Reading through this motley anthology is a little like taking one of those courses in Modern Anxiety at the New School for Social Research: one's attention is constantly shuttling from workaday commentaries on the artists to some pepped-up eloquence on the dread, despair, agony, revolt, and horror of the modern age. In the end one finally sees the point of it all, which is less an attempt to fathom the significance of this art *as imagery* than to legitimize certain dubious examples of figurative art with the imprimatur of existentialism, crisis theology, and certain schools of psychoanalysis.

I am afraid the philosophical burden is a bit too heavy for most of the artists involved. If one is going to lay such a vast philosophic weight on the shoulders of modern art, then the artists had better be substantial enough to bear it. To look to a tricky little neo-Dadaist like H. C. Westermann for a key to the meaning of twentieth-century dread is an intellectual frivolity. If we are going to spend such precious philosophical currency on artists like Kenneth Armitage and Rico Lebrun, then what language shall we have left, say, for the allegorical works of Max Beckmann, for those great, silent interiors of Pierre Bonnard, or the sheer hedonistic brilliance of Matisse? We would be wise to save a little despair (not to say joy) for artists who are worthy of it.

In any case, the relationship of visual imagery to abstract philosophical principles is rather glibly assumed without ever being argued in *New Images of Man*. When Dr. Selz is faced with his toughest critical task on this score, the analysis of Jackson Pollock in the philosophic and imagistic terms he employs elsewhere, he simply abdicates and turns over that chapter to his colleague Frank O'Hara, who gives us the usual flimflam.

ACTUALLY, the "New Images" exhibition (which will be shown at the Baltimore Museum of Art after it leaves New York) is just another random show of postwar painting and sculpture from Europe and America, interesting in part, dull on the whole. And the catalogue, notwithstanding its philosophical and even theological pretensions, is just another exhibition catalogue in disguise. It would have gained much in the way of clarity and precision if it had not been made to perform so many intellectual stunts. On the other hand, the pretensions of the exhibition have made it possible to include some artists who could not have made it as—well, as mere artists. Ostensibly chosen because their imagery fitted a pattern, and yet presented in a way which forced them to stand or fall on their own individual merits, they were simply not equal to a museum show of this scale. In the name of the agony and despair of the age, we have been treated to a quantity of bad painting and sculpture.



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CHANNELS

Don't Turn It Off

MARYA MANNES

We have now seen what happens when people are treated as consumers instead of as citizens, and to what lengths—and depths—men can go to sell an audience. But a wholesale revulsion against television is no way to pull it out of its squalor or to help those men and women who have been struggling for years to make it a proud medium. Their failure to dominate it is, in fact, shared by the failure of some of our most intelligent, educated, and discriminating individuals to look at television at all—who refuse to take any part in the medium on the grounds that they "haven't time to look" or "have better things to do" or "can't stand it anyway." By this default they have only contributed to its degradation.

So, if "they" is you, and if you don't know what's good (and why should you, if you never look?), here are the kinds of programs, past and future, that not only deserve your closest attention but give some indication of the immense power for good this medium could be if the power were in the right hands.

It was in good hands the night NBC-TV showed *The Moon and Sixpence,* perhaps the most memorable dramatic production our small screen has offered. The credit for this marvelous evocation of Gauguin's rebellion, as seen by Maugham, is shared equally by David Susskind, who produced it against continuing odds, by Sir Laurence Olivier, who performed the leading role with incandescent thrust and perception, by S. Lee Pogostin, whose adaptation was a separate creative act, by a cast worthy of each part, and by sponsors (Renault and RCA) worthy of our gratitude. If it is repeated, as it must be, stay home that night.

To Susskind and to the independent television station WNTA, in fact, must go the credit for initiating valuable patterns of viewing that other stations in the country (and the great networks) would do well to adopt. Their "Play of the Week" series is one of the most important television developments in years: the presentation every night of the week and on Sunday afternoon of one play, classic or contemporary, acted by first-rate actors. The range is wide but consistently adult. It has included Euripides' *Medea,* Steinbeck's *Burning Bright,* two one-acters by a new British playwright, John Mortimer, and Anouilh's *Waltz of the Toreadors.* The virtues of the shows may vary, but the virtue of giving viewers seven chances to see one production is incontrovertible. One of the many

criminal wastes of television is the expenditure of several hundred thousand dollars on one hour only. For while there seem to be many millions who stay home every night, there are many of wider interests who do not.

WNTA-TV has also shown the good sense to import a BBC interview program called "Face to Face" in which the face of the interviewer, John Freeman, is never seen and in which the questions put to men like Earl Russell and Lord Birkett and Adlai Stevenson could serve as a model to some of our native probers: they illuminate rather than dredge. More importation of good foreign programs is strongly indicated, and I would put the BBC's "Monitor" and ITA's "Right to Reply" on the first list.

It is also a pleasure to find that WNTA-TV's innovation of two years ago, "Open End," manages to sustain talk, under Susskind's direction, at a diverting and literate level, even though the talkers may not contribute equally to the subject or the substance.

Of the networks, CBS-TV still maintains the highest sense of public interest, and its new series "CBS Reports" is in the same great tradition as "See It Now"; hardly a wonder, since Fred W. Friendly is still at the helm and Edward R. Murrow and Howard K. Smith are still at the microphone. Their first report, *Biography of a Missile,* was profoundly exciting. So, I suspect, will be their examination of exploding population, of cancer, and of inflation. Even more significant than the intrinsic worth of "CBS Reports" is the fact that Bell & Howell and B. F. Goodrich have had the courage to sponsor them at peak nighttime hours: a revolution—in the public interest.

And if further "Conquests"—on T.B., on hypnotism, and on the sea—are as enthralling as the one in which baby rhesus monkeys starred in a laboratory examination of mother love, put that entry down as compulsory Sunday viewing, along with "Small World" and that talented CBS stepchild, "Camera Three," quietly and inexpensively pointing the way to the use of imagination at a morning hour when the people who have it usually don't choose to exercise it. Sponsor, anybody, for the evening?

Although NBC-TV caters to our intelligence with the documentary reporting of Chet Huntley and in Sunday discussions and interviews, its main bow to the public interest, aside from its notable opera productions, is in a series of specials aimed at jogging the public out of its torpor. One of these was Ibsen's *A Doll's House,* with Julie Harris and a superb supporting cast; still to come are the second of the "American Heritage Series," on Eli Whitney (with Burgess Meredith), Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story,* and an Ethel Merman orgy next month.

This is by no means a complete list of the good things available. Even if it were, it would represent a tiny fraction of total television time. But the support of articulate viewers, whose opinions are actually very important to those in power, could increase that fraction substantially and give solace and impetus to the best elements in this formidable and dangerously wayward medium.

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MOVIES

Odds and Ends

JAY JACOBS

THE WAGES OF SIN for Jean Gabin, the veteran French star of *Speaking of Murder,* and Harry Belafonte, the most sympathetic of the principals in *Odds Against Tomorrow,* is sudden and spectacularly violent death in almost identical circumstances. Both Mr. Belafonte, whose flawless good looks seem rather a handicap in a "realistic" film, and M. Gabin, whose aspect is that of a not particularly comely Gila monster, are members of hold-up teams in these two new melodramas, and both get their come-uppances not at the hands of the good guys but in vigorous combat with their own trigger-happy colleagues. It's always pleasurable to watch the phlegmatic M. Gabin going about his work, regardless of which side of the law he happens to be on at a given moment. Consequently, it is rather more disturbing to have to watch his activities being curtailed by a combination of lead poisoning and a fall down a stairwell than it is to see Mr. Belafonte—a keyed-up type who seems on the verge of going to pieces anyway—being blown to flinders atop an exploding gas tank.

There is a sort of postprandial grandeur about M. Gabin. He is a man of bulk and substance whose movements are stately, deliberate, and economical. His carriage is that of an experienced *bon vivant* who has just dined wisely and too well on the best his country's celebrated cuisine has to offer. His appearance and demeanor are those of an aging hedonist who won't waste on business the energies he is conserving for pleasure. When he says (as he did in the recent film *Love Is My Profession*), "I eat well, I sleep well, I . . . (here a Gallic gesture that is translatable but not printable) well," he invests the statement with an authority beyond the capabilities of any other actor around today. In view of all this, it is highly unsettling to see M. Gabin expiring athletically, like a cowboy. If he *must* pay for his misdeeds, let him go in dignity—and preferably of a liver ailment.

BESIDES the chief characters' demises, there are a good many other similarities between *Speaking of Murder* and *Odds Against Tomorrow*: both create a lot of adventitious tension by using a hopped-up musical score, and such standard devices as thoroughly irrelevant railroad trains that suddenly burst into view at suspenseful junctures; both feature a compulsive sadist; both rather gratuitously introduce pansies into the proceedings; and both devote considerable footage to some pretty prosaic views of automobiles

in motion. But the French piece has a decided edge, even though in the American job a sincere but misguided effort has been made to come up with something more significant than a simple hardware opus. *Speaking of Murder* is, and pretends to be, nothing more than a thriller. As such, it hardly measures up to such superior efforts as *Rififi* or the American *The Asphalt Jungle,* but it is taut, well paced, well acted, and satisfactory.

In *Speaking of Murder,* M. Gabin's four-man band of desperadoes is undone, after staging a couple of spectacular robberies, by the indiscretions of its leader's kid brother (the apparent disparity in age between M. Gabin and Marcel Bozzufi is a bit hard to take), and the picture ends with M. Gabin and his chief trigger man committing reciprocal homicide as a consequence of their subsequent falling out. In *Odds Against Tomorrow,* the no-honor-among-thieves motif is given a slightly different coloration (if that's the word I want) when the strong-arm boy of *this* gang, a Southern bigot played by a narrow-eyed, lip-curling Robert Ryan, short-circuits a bank holdup because of his obsessive distrust of all members of Mr. Belafonte's race. With what appears to be a thousand cops slinging lead at them, Mr. Ryan and Mr. Belafonte do unto each other as others would do unto them, and their little world ends with a hell of a bang as a stray slug pierces the gas tank.

THE MOST FASCINATING aspect of *Odds Against Tomorrow,* to my mind, isn't the story, which despite its sociological embellishments is basically routine, or the acting, which is competent but hardly inspired, or the photography or background music, which are excellent. It is the direction by Robert Wise, a man of curiously canine proclivities. The first thing we see as the film opens is, for reasons that completely escape me, a fire hydrant. We are treated, immediately thereafter, to a close-up of a second fire hydrant (or maybe it's a second shot of the first hydrant—as far as I'm concerned, when you've seen one fireplug you've seen them all). Before much more footage is unreeled, another fire hydrant occupies a conspicuous spot on the screen. A few minutes later, Mr. Ryan and the brains of the outfit, Ed Begley, peer between the slats of a Venetian blind in order to case a small-town bank they are planning to rob. The camera, presumably following their gaze, focuses on still another fireplug. No sooner does Mr. Ryan get back to New York than he strolls past a car—parked illegally close to a fire hydrant. While these are by no means *all* the fireplugs that get into the film, I think I've mentioned enough to convey an idea of Mr. Wise's inordinate fondness for them.

If Mr. Wise has devised a private symbolism involving fire hydrants, he seems to me to be carrying obscuration to an extreme as yet undreamed of by even Ingmar Bergman. If, on the other hand, he surrounds himself with fireplugs simply because he finds them congenial, or feels a certain security in their presence, I suppose it's his privilege. I prefer lampposts myself.

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RECORD NOTES

MOZART: SYMPHONIES NO. 32 AND NO. 38 ("Prague"). London Symphony Orchestra, Peter Maag, cond. (*London $4.98;* stereo.)

Swiss-born Peter Maag is one of the few conductors around who dare perform Mozart with style. The tendency of musicians these days is to play it safe with Mozart—to rely, that is, on brisk, objective, punctilious readings. Maag has the courage to interpret the notes; he phrases with elasticity and favors tempos that allow poetry to ripen. Fortunately, he has also the good taste to stay within the boundary line that separates freedom from affectation. The high point in this recording is the slow movement of the "Prague" —as delicately articulated, as deeply felt, as characterful and poignant here as in the famous version by Beecham. Maag has the added advantage of stereo sound, which allows us to savor the full delight of Mozart's luscious interplays between winds and strings.

JANACEK: STRING QUARTETS NO. 1 AND NO. 2. Smetana Quartet. (*Artia, $4.98;* mono.)

Leos Janácek spent most of his life (1854-1928) in obscurity, and for long was relegated to the ranks of nonexportable composers—a Czech counterpart of England's Elgar or France's Roussel. Recently, however, his original music has been crossing many frontiers. A Janácek vogue is well under way in Europe and is now beginning here, at least among record listeners.

These two quartets, composed in 1923 and 1928, are couched in an idiom that has something of the wild rhapsodic freedom we associate with Bartók, something of Debussy's impressionist glitter, a dash of sugary sentiment à la Kreisler, and a great deal of the vernal Bohemian lyricism we encounter in Smetana and Dvorák. Add to these elements a concise, at times abrupt, mode of thematic discourse, anticipatory of the much more advanced music of Anton Webern, and you have Janácek—a unique and unclassifiable composer. The string writing in these quartets is as unconventional as it is meltingly beautiful—a compendium of strange, wonderful sonorities.

I cannot imagine the music better played. Every nuance of the Smetana Quartet seems pregnant with meaning. Artia's taped-in-Prague sound is adequate.

BEETHOVEN: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 3. Wilhelm Backhaus, piano; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, cond. (*London, $4.98;* stereo.)

"Granitic" is an adjective frequently used to characterize the Backhaus approach to Beethoven, and it can connote either praise or censure depending on the taste and mood of the listener. Backhaus never attempts to ingratiate himself with charming effects and he abjures any obvious tinge of *espressivo* in his phrasing. He plays Beethoven straight—sometimes, to my ears, too straight. But even those normally impervious to the ultra-objective Backhaus style must succumb to this marvelously controlled interpretation of the Third Piano Concerto. A better example of the art that conceals art would be hard to find. Backhaus does not fool with the music and he does not fumble. He allows it to unfold with crystalline accuracy, giving every note its proper value, maintaining rigorous tempos, and holding inner voices and passagework always in equable balance. Schmidt-Isserstedt, the Vienna Philharmonic, and London's warm, ungimmicked stereo recording assist the pianist in letting Beethoven speak gloriously for himself.

BACH: "ST. MATTHEW PASSION." Soloists, Vienna Chamber Choirs, Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Mogens Wöldike, cond. (*Vanguard, $17.85;* stereo.) Soloists, Munich Bach Chorus and Orchestra, Karl Richter, cond. (*Archive, $27.92;* stereo.)

All large-scale choral works benefit from stereo's spacious spread and open clarity, none more so than the "St. Matthew Passion." The separation of sound into left and right channels here serves a real musical purpose, for Bach divided his choral and instrumental forces into two sections and in the original performance placed them on either side of the organ gallery at St. Thomas Church in Leipzig. The validity and effectiveness of this separation are apparent in the very first number, where questions from the chorus on right are answered by the chorus on left. This is how the music was meant to sound—and how it never has sounded on records before. Even where no antiphonal effects are intended, the massive strength of the double chorus is irresistible. Compared to these new stereo versions, older monophonic recordings of the "St. Matthew Passion" seem tame.

The Archive set has the cleaner sound (due perhaps to its superior German-made pressings), though the Vanguard engineering is entirely adequate. Both performances are careful, musicianly, and rather uncommitted—Richter's for Archive more so in this latter respect than Wöldike's for Vanguard. Hearing them, one recalls Henry Adams's description of the Virgin of Chartres "looking down from a deserted heaven, into an empty church, on a dead faith." The flame of belief does not burn bright in these recordings, but doubtless it is hard to kindle in an empty studio. From every other standpoint these are superior performances. My recommendation goes to the Vanguard set because of its substantially lower price, but either of them—in the stereo version—should keep Bach lovers content.

PURCELL: SONGS FROM "THE TEMPEST," ETC. Jennifer Vyvyan and other soloists; Philomusica of London, Anthony Lewis, cond. (*Oiseau-Lyre, $5.98;* stereo.)

In microgroove miscellanies, the isolated nuggets within are too easily obscured. In the days of 78-r.p.m. singles, Jennifer Vyvyan's account of "Halcyon Days" from Purcell's incidental music to *The Tempest* would have had a whole side to itself and would, I suspect, have been hailed as a jewel of English vocal artistry—comparable in quality to John McCormack's rendition of "Where'er You Walk" or Maggie Teyte's of "Nymphs and Shepherds." Here it is just one of eleven bands on the disc and is all too liable to be neglected. A pity. "Halcyon Days" is one of the loveliest songs in the English language, and it is sung by the silvery-voiced Miss Vyvyan with tone and inflections that are unimpeachably right. There is some well-performed Purcell on the remaining ten bands, but nothing to equal this gem.

—ROLAND GELATT

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BOOKS

How Good Is Norman Mailer?

ALFRED KAZIN

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR MYSELF, by Norman Mailer. *Putnam. $5.*

Perhaps more than any other book since Scott Fitzgerald's *The Crack-up,* this book reveals how exciting, yet tragic, America can be for a gifted writer. It is a remarkably full book; all of Mailer up to now is in it; and that is exactly what is wrong with it. For at thirty-six, after following up *The Naked and the Dead* with an artistic failure, *Barbary Shore,* and one ambiguous *succès de scandale, The Deer Park,* Mailer (now embarked on a very long and extremely ambitious novel that may take many years) has obviously been hungry to make his mark again in one big smashing outrageous way. He has put together an anthology of all his works, from undergraduate short stories to two sections of the novel in progress, that includes his columns from a Greenwich Village weekly, social and political comment, his now famous essay on "The White Negro" and other socio-sexual themes, stories, spoofs, interviews, poems, and some shrewd but essentially subjective evaluations of his literary generation. In the "advertisements" to the different works he talks about himself and Hemingway, himself and marijuana, himself and sex, himself and Eisenhower's America. By the time you get through what is often a very brilliant if screamingly self-conscious book, you feel that Mailer has worked so hard to display everything he has done and everything he knows that it has all collected on the surface. Mailer's performance here reminds me of the brilliant talker who impresses the hell out of you at a cocktail party but who, when he turns his back to go home, seems vaguely lost.

YET *Advertisements for Myself* is a remarkable performance, and it is clearer to me than ever that Mailer is a powerful, courageous talent admirably provoked by our culture. I admire him because he is naturally a radical, strong, and exuberant talent; this book is full of more penetrating comment on the America of Eisenhower, television, suburbia, and J. D. Salinger than anything I have seen in years. But as Mailer says, "I have been running for President these last ten years in the privacy of my mind," and he is probably the only Jew who has been. He wants to be not just a good novelist but the Hemingway of our period. Hemingway obsesses him (and ignores him); Faulkner once made fun of him for saying that whites are always jealous of Negro sexuality; the publisher who made so much out of *The Naked and the Dead* finally turned down

The Deer Park; there are actually good writers in America who pay no attention to him.

In short, like many another American radical, desperado, Reichian stalwart of sexual frankness, Norman Mailer has been driven crazy by an affluent and greasily accommodating society which not only doesn't oppose him but which turns even his disgust and frankness into a form of literary capital. Just as the hipsters, whom Mailer admires, are not outlaws, not radicals, but the slobs and remittance men and spoiled brats of a society so wasteful and indulgent and satiated with normal sex that it has to discover new thrills all the time, so the secret burn of Norman Mailer is that a book like this, which is meant to slap respectable America in the face, may not sell as much as it could. Like every American writer whose name is an instant password, who can support himself by his writing, who knows himself a celebrity because he moves largely in the company of celebrities, Mailer can no more stay off television or move back to Brooklyn than, being an honest and intransigent spirit, he can admire television or sentimentalize the Brooklyn which, as he says, is not the center of anything. Anyone who reads this book with as much attention and admiration as I have just done can, nevertheless, see that what obsesses Norman Mailer is not just the swarminess of our culture, the repressiveness of our official morals, the flabby gentility of our ruling intellectuals, but the fact that this same America is itself constantly coaxing Norman Mailer to share in the take and join the fun.

WHAT MAKES this society so marvelous for the gifted rebel, and so awful, is that lacking all standards by which to counter or to question the new, it hungrily welcomes any talent that challenges it interestingly—but then holds this talent in the mold of its own shapelessness; the writer is never free enough of his neighbors and contemporaries to be not simply agin the government but detached from it. Mailer, who like all his generation has had to work against the overpowering example of Fitzgerald and Hemingway and Faulkner, now thinks that these older fellows had it easier, that our society did not drag them into its maw as compulsively as it does present writers. When I recall how desperately out of fashion Fitzgerald and Lewis and Anderson and Cather felt at the end of their careers, I doubt that the literary competition has ever been less punishing than Mailer obviously feels it to be. What has changed since the 1920's is first that there are more and more writers, as there are more and more people. Even "advanced" literature is beginning to get as crowded as the mass media, and Mailer cannot be sure, now that he has dismissed Bellow, ignored Malamud, and ruled out all women writers as unreadable, that there isn't someone in South Dakota who may yet outdistance him.

More important, Hemingway (of

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whom Mailer seems constantly to dream and to curse in his dreams) was still based enough on the old "inner-directed" Protestant culture to measure his need of courage against the moral abstractions of courage, duty, grace, etc. Mailer measures himself against others. Symbolically, Hemingway got his great experience in the first world madness by volunteering for the Italian Army long before Americans were in the war. Mailer in 1943 had to keep from becoming a clerk, for only as a rifleman could he collect the experience for the great Hemingwayish novel about the war that he was already prepared to write. And only in the Pacific, as he brilliantly estimated again, would he be able to gather experience for a really provocative novel, since there the growing reactionary tendencies in American life would be manifest.

WITHOUT his egotism, no writer is likely to carry much weight. But granted that he must fight for himself and push himself, what reserves of thought and imagination are left? A writer is not only what he knows himself to be, what he consciously fights for and hates and loves—he is the book he makes, the book that must surprise him in the making, the book that somewhere within itself is always greater than he is. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Crackup*, moving as it may be, has less of Fitzgerald than *The Great Gatsby*. The question all over this book is: How good is Norman Mailer?—and the trouble is that Mailer thinks that he can answer it in terms of available competition. Only a highly self-conscious and rather stormily competitive fellow would have tried so hard to win the prize by dismissing so many writers whose books he hasn't read. This performance calls up the comment on the famous French writer who boasted in his journal that sexually he was more gifted than other men: "How does he know?"

Still, *we* have a right to ask, How good is Norman Mailer? How good are his books? Quite apart from the deleterious influence of our government, our publishers, our official morals—and apart from all the obscene words about television and the cowardice of the "squares" and the marvelous sexuality of Negroes and the necessity of Hip—how good are Norman Mailer's novels? My answer would be that *The Naked and the Dead* is a good novel, though too literary, with worked-up army detail that is thin compared with James Jones's *From Here to Eternity*, and with only one real character in it, the General, who is too obvious a villain; that *Barbary Shore* is hysterical politically and a bad novel by a writer of obvious talent and guts, so that everything in it makes its mark, but not as a work of art; that *The Deer Park* is an extraordinarily uneven and somehow sick book with something peculiarly closed and airless about it. I felt this painfully when I read the novel, and Mailer says in *Advertisements* that he rewrote the novel under marijuana. I am neither shocked by this nor moved to admire Mailer because of it; I do think that *The Deer Park* is not what Mailer thinks it is. It seems to me ridiculous for Mailer to push his novel so hard in this book, since the question is not what Rinehart or the critics did to the book but what Mailer did.

HOW GOOD is Norman Mailer? The answer varies from work to work, sometimes from page to page. Some of his new work, particularly a torrid story wholly about sexual intercourse, "The Time of Her Time," seems to me remarkable; the opening of his new book, "Advertisements for Myself on the Way Out," a lot of wind. Not only can Mailer not know how good he is; he is himself one of the most variable, unstable, and on the whole unpredictable writers I have ever read. He has a remarkable intelligence, and this book shows it; a marvelously forceful and inventive style; great objective gifts as a novelist. On the other hand, his intelligence, though muscular, has no real ease or quietly reflective power; he is as fond of his style as an Italian tenor of his vocal chords, and he sometimes tends to overpower when the more manly thing—if I may touch on a major concern in this book—would be to convince; his sense of reality, though boldy critical, is often obsessive in its self-consciousness. On the whole, Norman Mailer is very, very good indeed—not better than ten million other fellows, as he thinks one has to be, but good.

But what will become of him God only knows, for no one can calculate what so overintense a need to dominate, to succeed, to grasp, to win, may do to that side of talent which has its own rule of being and can never be forced.

Right Wind, Right Rain

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE MANSION, by William Faulkner. *Random House. $4.75.*

The adventures of the Snopeses have now come to an end in this concluding volume of their chronicle. Flem Snopes is dead, shot by his cousin Mink Snopes, but it is as if he were ready, prepared, for death, not only because he richly deserved to be shot—he had caused everyone enough misery—but through a sense he must have felt of completion: that there was really nothing more for him to acquire in Jefferson or anywhere else in Yoknapatawpha County and practically no one left for him to hurt. It is true that at the end of *The Mansion* Lawyer Stevens is still there to talk things over with his confidant V. K. Ratliff—that will go on surely as long as the two men live—and no one will be surprised if in a few years time Mr. Faulkner, not content with his present post-mortem, provides us with a further one conducted by them, a revision, so to speak, of his present revision. For the author of *The Mansion* is looking back at the work done over the years by the author of *The Hamlet* (1940) and *The Town* (1957), revising that work, changing the emphasis here, finding a more credible explanation for a fact somewhere else, elsewhere discovering that a minor character, someone barely alluded to in the earlier novels, now has become a key figure, but doing this work of revi-

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sion, of contemplation, not in an essay or a commentary but in a new novel. Since the characters in the two earlier novels are still alive in the author's mind, it is not enough that their past acts be further explained, the motives for those acts speculated upon again and verified; the author necessarily must allow the characters—at least those who did not die in the earlier books—to continue to act.

Such a process brings its complications. Obviously someone who has not read the two preceding novels—although he certainly can enjoy this one without having done so—will be at a loss to appreciate the author's accomplishment in commenting upon them, revising and prolonging them. On the other hand, someone who has read them may be inclined to complain that he remembers having been told some of the stories before—and some of them somewhat differently. Preparation of this volume for publication furnished a delightful opportunity for the professional checker to show his skill and then be told, for his pains, by the author that his queries do not matter: ". . . the purpose of this note," Faulkner writes, "is simply to notify the reader that the author has already found more discrepancies and contradictions than he hopes the reader will—contradictions and discrepancies due to the fact that the author has learned, he believes, more about the human heart and its dilemma than he knew thirty-four years ago; and is sure that, having lived with them that long time, he knows the characters in this chronicle better than he did then."

THE AUTHOR is right: the discrepancies and contradictions make no difference at all; they do not matter. Anything that smacks of comparative literature is apt to sound pedantic and boring, yet it is hard to resist pointing out that *Remembrance of Things Past* is also full of discrepancies and contradictions—although one could avoid that literary allusion by simply pointing out that our own memories of our own past are constantly subject to voluntary or involuntary revision, and that the stories of our lives as we rehearse them, unhappily enough, to ourselves are never orderly or final. And it is, of course, precisely this contemplative, revisionist quality, this picking up of an object and turning it over and over again, this diligent inspection of a character, this experimental—in the scientific sense—testing of actuality against hypothesis, that gives Faulkner's work the importance it has, providing it also, not accidentally, with that power of attraction, that sort of incantation, which triumphs over all manner of obstacles.

Obstacles, not really defects—the way a rider will set obstacles, jumps, in a field when he is training a hunter. For instance, when the author is thinking back to that early day in Frenchman's Bend when Eula Varner got that child, Linda, by young McCarron—the incident

that brought her within the power of Flem Snopes—the author is certainly setting up an obstacle for himself when he decides that young McCarron is like a "young stag" amid the local young "goats." That seems a difficult image to handle. Yet see what the author does with it—just for a few lines; there are pages and pages—despite the "outen" and the "that-ere" and the "jest": "All she needed was jest to be, like the ground of the field, until the right time come, the right wind, the right sun, the right rain; until in fact that-ere single unique big buck jumped that tame garden fence outen the big woods or the high mountain or the tall sky, and finally got through jest standing there among the sheep with his head up, looking proud." There are obstacles in the writing of this kind of prose, but it sings.

The very theme for all three novels is an obstacle: the avarice and

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A Boston Tea Party

GEORGE STEINER

HOWELLS: HIS LIFE AND WORLD, by Van Wyck Brooks. *Dutton. $5.*

There is something reassuringly indestructible about Van Wyck Brooks. His past pronouncements might long since have reduced a lesser man to self-doubting silence. This, after all, is the critic who has at various times denounced Joyce, Eliot, Rimbaud, Proust, and Valéry as "international mystagogues" or as personages subversive to morality and the state. This is the high-court judge who has allowed "that although Wagner had streaks of meanness in his character and Dostoevski was morbid, their other qualities entitled them to be termed great men." No such reservations, one gathers, need be made with reference to Whittier, a "primary" artist whom Mr. Brooks calmly lists beside Milton, Goethe, and Socrates. Yet Mr. Brooks flourishes: eight volumes in the past seven years, and all of an engaging competence.

ONE IMAGINES how the latest came to be. Mr. Brooks walks up and down his library, a gentle fire in the grate. "I have 'done' the big boys: Emerson, Irving, Whitman, James. Whom shall I do next? Ah, there's dear Howells. Lots of notes on him left over from previous meditations on New England. Met him when I left Harvard in 1903. I then asked him the searching question of how one should set out to become a writer. Received the profound reply that there was no answer."

Not that William Dean Howells is not worth doing. Our American Maurois (and one does, in the end, mean that respectfully) has in him a rich and fine subject. Howells is the most complete "man of letters" in American literature, and "made it new" even more radically than Ezra Pound, whom he paradoxically resembles as a perceiver and champion of other men's genius. Howells's taste was marvelously generous and acute. He opened the doors of recognition to Henry James and proved an invaluable guide to Mark Twain. The critic whose early ideals had been Longfellow and Washington Irving recognized in his late years the greatness of Frank Norris, Stephen Crane, and Maxim Gorky. Through Howells, much of the best of the European performance first reached the American scene. He introduced to readers of the *Atlantic* and *Harper's* the names of Pérez Galdós, Ibsen, Björnson, Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Tolstoy (the last he regarded as the supreme influence in his own life). Because he felt secure in his American bias, Howells was unvaryingly responsive to the challenge of the international.

More clearly than any of his contemporaries except Henry Adams and the lone and silent Melville, Howells understood the forces that the new industrialism had released in American life. His fictions document with great precision the changes in sensibility, in tone of conduct, which the concentration of wealth and industrial power brought to the American scene. *A Hazard of New Fortunes* is one of the few American novels to show a strong

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grasp of the manner in which private life bends under the stress of economic and political experience. And *The Landlord at Lion's Head* remains a prophetic image of how the displacement of capital creates barren ground in the midst of a general advance toward prosperity. Howells's later socialism grew from more than his acceptance of Tolstoy. It was the logical outcome of a lifetime's scrupulous observation and honest thought. This honesty remained uppermost throughout. Writing to Henry James in 1888, Howells mocked at himself:

"After fifty years of optimistic content with 'civilization' and its ability to come out all right in the end, I now abhor it, and feel that it is coming out all wrong in the end, unless it bases itself anew on a real equality. Meantime, I wear a furlined overcoat, and live in all the luxury my money can buy."

But nothing which this lucid, industrious, perceptive mind produced is entirely of the first rank. *The Rise of Silas Lapham* is a major achievement only if one excludes from comparison such matters as Balzac's *César Birotteau*. *A Hazard of New Fortunes* is impressive in the American context but will not stand up to the portrayal of social change in *Middlemarch*. And behind the virtues of *A Traveler from Altruria* stand the more original fantasies of Edward Bellamy and William Morris. When Mr. Brooks lists ten of Howells's novels as "destined to be read in a long future," one can only ask—by whom?

HOWELLS'S FAILURE to achieve anything of a classic measure poses an interesting problem. What went wrong? Perhaps his very qualities betrayed him. He was productive to excess. A short visit to England in 1904 resulted in no fewer than three travel books. Writing continually, Howells developed a clear, attractive prose style. But the instrument became so natural to his hand that he encountered in it none of the resistance that compels a great artist to find his particular voice. And because Howells's view of human affairs was so lucid, he lacked the partisan intensity that gives to much great literature its force.

Only if we assume that Howells knew the particular limitations of his excellence can we get into focus his complex and crucial relationship to Henry James. He was the Master's first editor and proposed him for a Nobel Prize shortly before James's death. He reviewed James's novels with an admiration that rarely faltered. In return, James accorded Howells frequent and deferential praise. He confided to him some of his most private doubts (it was to Howells that the author of *The Ambassadors* expressed the thought that he might have been a greater writer had he stayed on native soil). Yet there was on both sides a touch of dissimulation. When James assured Howells, "You are verily the most delightful, natural, artful singer and sayer," the false note is unmistakable. This was simply not James's manner when he was dealing with a serious artist (compare the tone he uses with regard to Flaubert, Turgenev, or George Eliot). When Howells, on the other hand, defended James's late prose style or long absence from America, he failed to convince his intimates. He recognized James's pre-eminent merit but must have known that it was achieved at a price that he, Howells, could not meet.

SUCH SHADOWINGS of doubt or incompletion rarely obtrude on Mr. Brooks's causerie. All the material is here and it is put forward with easy grace. But between the reader and the subject there intervenes a constant barrier of clichés. When Howells arrives in Venice the palaces are "stately" and there is "no sound but the plash of the gondolier's oar"; enter Dickens and with him comes the inevitable "extraordinary genius and sovereign romancer"; French fiction is preoccupied with "the squalid, the base and the diseased." Where there is humor, it is marred by a dreadful coziness: the Howellses "were happily married, something that occasionally occurs even with good writers." This kind of style destroys any sense of critical insight. Moreover, Mr. Brooks disperses his authority over a mass of anecdotes. We get much embroidery and little substance. The result is charming and readable, but there runs through it a persistent triviality.

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On the Burning Deck

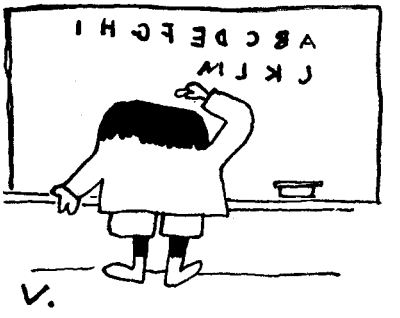
IRVING KRISTOL

UP FROM LIBERALISM, by William F. Buckley, Jr. *McDowell, Obolensky. $3.50.*

It was only a few months ago that I met Mr. William Buckley for the first time, and discovered him to be a charming young man: gay, witty, candid, intelligent, unassuming. It was difficult to reconcile his person with the image projected by the magazine he edits, the *National Review,* whose jokes are ill-humored when they are not opaque, and whose predominant tone is sour, sullen, and aggrievedly self-pitying. Moreover, though Mr. Buckley might deny that he is a McCarthyite, most observers would have no difficulty in classifying him as such; and yet so genial an inquisitor is a rare and puzzling bird indeed. A reading of *Up from Liberalism* has not cleared up this paradox to my satisfaction; too often I get the impression that Mr. Buckley is as confused about himself as I am about him; but it does offer some clues.

MR. BUCKLEY is a man provoked, and in order to understand his militant "conservatism," and to do him and it justice, one must begin by allowing that the provocation is often extreme. Shortly after finishing *Up from Liberalism,* I picked up the New York *Times* and read there a solemn report to the effect that an international declaration of the rights of the child had just been completed in the United Nations: "The draft document proclaims in its preamble that 'mankind owes to the child the best it has to give.' It then spells out what the young generation is entitled to receive" but not what it is under obligation to give. In his book, Mr. Buckley adduces other flagrant examples of "liberal" silliness (notably the Paul Hughes case, in which a group of liberal leaders were made asses of by a con man who pretended to have the "inside dope" on Senator McCarthy), and there are quite a few he has omitted, doubtless for reasons of space. One can sympathize with, and even participate in, his acute irritation. But not for long, as one soon discovers that this irritation, though genuine enough, is merely pyrotechnic and lends itself to no rational use.

"I am by no means the ideal person to take on the job at hand, which is to discredit doctrinaire Liberalism and plead the viability of enlightened conservatism," Mr. Buckley writes. He speaks truly. For one thing, he is simply too high-spirited. A playful conservatism is a contradiction in terms, and a conservative gadfly—which is the role Mr. Buckley takes upon himself—is a creature which, as the logicians say, has an essence but no existence



(resembling the centaur in this respect). What goes with conservatism is piety, gravity, solemnity, dignity, responsibility. There is nothing unnatural in a young man possessing these characteristics (*vide* Alexander Hamilton). Only Mr. Buckley does not.

So far from being recognizably conservative, Mr. Buckley is a gay dissenter, having more in common with C. Wright Mills than any other contemporary writer one can think of. He is a man for whom "The most highly neglected dimension of politics, these days, is politics as art, as entertainment, as melodrama." He is doing his best to remedy the situation, and perhaps we ought to be more grateful to him than we are. But such gratitude always finds itself stopping short of taking him seriously. There is one section in the present volume, dealing with the proper conservative attitude toward Social Security, which is ex-

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ceptional in that it is lucidly and consecutively reasoned. Yet even here he does not quite escape absurdity: imagine having to argue, with great ingenuity and at length, that the most stabilizing, the most genuinely conservative reform of the past two decades ought not to be rejected out of hand by all true-blue conservatives—especially when no one has the faintest intention of doing anything about Social Security except perhaps fattening it somewhat.

THE REST of the book is a baffling potpourri. Mr. Buckley is a clever and witty polemicist, but a lack of intellectual scruple makes him a self-defeating one. He will deride liberal values, and score some genuine hits in the course of doing so; but then he will accuse liberals of being traitors to these values. (Thus he insists flatly that education can be nothing but indoctrination, and then goes to great pains to demonstrate, with considerable indignation, that liberal professors seem to be indoctrinating their students.) Much of this confusion derives from Mr. Buckley's loyalty to two incompatible ideals: he is a devout Catholic and an exponent of *laissez-faire* liberalism after the fashion of Herbert Spencer. The two simply do not mix: one cannot believe that it is a duty of society to assist in the salvation of souls, while simultaneously asserting that the individual should have the immitigable right to order his life and his property as he sees fit. At least, one cannot do this without subscribing to some kind of extreme dualism of body and spirit which the Church itself abhors as heretical, and with which Mr. Buckley can have little sympathy. But so far from facing up to this dilemma—it is remarkable that he seems totally unaffected by Catholic social and political theory, as compared with Catholic theology—Mr. Buckley employs it as a convenient sword for cutting both ways. This makes for an agile performance but an ultimately meaningless one.

It is very difficult to come to grips with Mr. Buckley and whatever it is he stands for, and few of those who are the objects of his criticism ever bother to try. This obviously

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PAUL JACOBS

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By MAX BELOFF

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pains him: "I think it is fair to conclude that American Liberals are reluctant to co-exist with anyone on the Right. Ours, the Liberal credo tells us, is an 'open society,' the rules of which call for a continuing . . . hearing for all ideas. But close observation of the Liberal-in-debate gives the impression that he has given conservatism a terminal audience." There is justice in this complaint, no doubt, as well as pathos. But one can only reply that, given the example Mr. Buckley himself sets, he is receiving as good a hearing as he can legitimately expect. One cannot, in all reason, set oneself up as a blazing scourge of liberalism and then be distressed to discover that liberals are loath to engage in heart-to-heart intimacies.

So it is that Mr. Buckley is an isolated—and, one suspects, rather lonely—figure on the American journalistic scene. This in turn has its own dangers for someone so basically convivial, and helps explain why the magazine he edits is so often ill-natured, and will frequently give the most unpleasant impression of bordering on the crackpotty. Isolation encourages sectarianism, and sectarianism breeds political paranoia. Some pages of *Up from Liberalism,* and practically every issue of the *National Review,* bear traces of this disease. The changing ideas and fashions of academic opinion, for example, are not seen for what they are but are interpreted as part of a vast conspiracy against the republic. Mr. Buckley and his colleagues have a perfect right to deplore the fact that most college economics departments are heavily under the influence of Keynes. Yet to see this, not as a consequence of the fact that *laissez-faire* economists have failed even now to solve the Great Depression of 1929, but as the product of a malign plot by a sinister "liberal" fraternity, is to manifest so perverse a view of American academic life as to be positively alarming. Our experiences with this kind of political paranoia are too recent and too painful in memory for us to be able to grant Mr. Buckley the indulgence he might otherwise merit.

The Ladies — God Bless 'Em!

NORA SAYRE

MARYANNERY, by D. H. Elletson. *London: John Murray.* (Available at Holliday Bookshop and British Book Centre, New York. $4.)

A woman marries a politician for his position—or in spite of it. Mary Ann Todd Lincoln said of her husband: "He is to be President of the United States some day. If I had not thought so I would never have married him, for you can see he is not pretty." On entering the White House, she is said to have cried, "It's mine, my very own. At last it's mine." The small, violent, pug-faced "Republican Queen" was not beatified by power. Ferociously extravagant, she had hysterics when dollars were denied her. ("I always laugh and tell Mr. Lincoln my next husband shall be rich.")

During the Civil War she spent money needed to feed the soldiers on redecorating the White House, and stacked up debts that could have ruined Lincoln. One dinner service cost over $1,100, and she owed $27,000 to a single New York dressmaker. Still, to save money, she addressed letters to Lincoln unstamped, and there are stories to the effect that she tried to sell the manure from the White House stables. She forced Lincoln to wear uncomfortable silk hats, derided his speechmaking, and once publicly shrieked, "I never allow the President to see any woman alone." Mrs. Lincoln would not keep her feet or fists out of politics. A journalist found her kicking and screaming upon the floor because Lincoln had not given a Federal appointment to one of her friends. She once gave out secret information, and often wrote to the newspapers saying what the President ought to do: "From all parties, the cry for a change of Cabinet comes . . . Doubtless if my good, patient hus-

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MISCEGENATION

by MILTON MAYER

THE INTEGRATIONISTS say that the issue is equal educational opportunity. The segregationists say that the issue is sexual intercourse of Negroes with whites and the consequent amalgamation of the races. When the Supreme Court ordered public school desegregation in 1954 the Jackson, Miss., *Daily News* said: "White and Negro children in the same schools will lead to miscegenation." As long as the integrationists go on saying that the issue is nothing but civil [illegible] will

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band were here instead of being with the army of the Potomac, these missives would be placed before him, accompanied by my womanly suggestions . . ." She made enemies among her husband's colleagues, calling Grant "a butcher" and Seward "a dirty abolitionist sneak." John Hay wrote of her in his diary, "The Hell Cat has been more Hell Cattical than ever." It is not certain whether Mrs. Lincoln was a self-made ogress or a helpless neurotic (she was certified insane ten years after the President's death). Yet Lincoln's kindness was not broken by her frenzies. His father had said: "If you make a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter." It is painful to realize how much exhaustion, humiliation, and abuse that bargain brought him.

MARY ANNE DISRAELI, the second wife in Mr. Elletson's double biography, claimed to hate politics, but she reveled in her marriage. A gay and garrulous creature who loved traveling, matchmaking, practical jokes, and jewels, she first struck Disraeli as "a pretty little woman, a flirt, and a rattle." Her family called her Whizzy; as a widow of forty-seven, she married Dizzy, aged thirty-five. She had £5,000 a year and Disraeli was £20,000 in debt. Her fortune certainly rescued his career, but she was able to say later: "Dizzy married me for my money, but, if he had the chance again, he would do it for love." Disraeli announced that she made his life delicious: she waited for him at night with bottles of champagne and kept peacocks (his favorite birds) upon the lawns. "My dear—you are more like a mistress than a wife." While she was dying he said, "We have been married thirty-three years and she has never given me a dull moment." Dressed in the Tory purple, she worked lavishly in every election campaign, helped with early drafts of his speeches, and corrected the proofs of his novels, which she referred to as her children. She charmed Disraeli's constituents, and Gladstone himself admired her.

Victorian society called her common, and her enthusiasm was condemned as "gush." She is said to have told Queen Victoria that she "always slept with my arms around Dizzy's neck," and she "never could remember which came first, the Greeks or the Romans." At eighty, she wore tight red-velvet tunics, and her exotic wigs were often awry. But Disraeli protected her against all drawing-room ridicule. She once wrote: "He appreciates better than any man I know the value of a woman who has something to give in return for being given to. Most men have this knowledge but they seldom exercise it because most women don't understand giving—either they don't want to give or they don't know how. Now I want to give and I know how most exactly."

Granted the choice, one would far rather marry Disraeli than Lincoln. The vain, rude, velvet-clad prime minister had a vast capacity for love. But the selfless President was not encouraging toward women. He first proposed to a Mary Owens, concluding, "My opinion is that you had better not do it." Though he described this lady as "a fair match for Falstaff," he saw "no good objection to plodding through life hand in hand with her." She found him resistible, and later explained that "Mr. Lincoln was deficient in those little links which make up the chain of a woman's happiness." Five days after Lincoln's own wedding, he wrote to a friend that he was astonished to have married at all. His resolves were touching: "I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women." But one of the qualities that made him great—a lack of concern for his own welfare—made him almost untouchable. He required very little of a wife; Disraeli required "one whom I could look upon with pride, who could sympathize with all my projects and feelings, console me in the moments of depression, share my hour of triumph, and work with me for our honour and happiness." His crescendos of confidence won him applause at home as in Parliament.

MR. ELLETSON has written a pleasant though naïve book. He is shy of ungracious facts, and is oddly eager for Mrs. Lincoln to "be forgiven." Though he reveals nothing new about the Lincolns, he has brought out a store of unpublished Disraeliana. It was an excellent idea to hang these two portraits side by side: the odious comparison is just.

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Santo Domingo, Santa Maria and San Antonio. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

Puerto Rico: civilized a hundred years before the pilgrims landed

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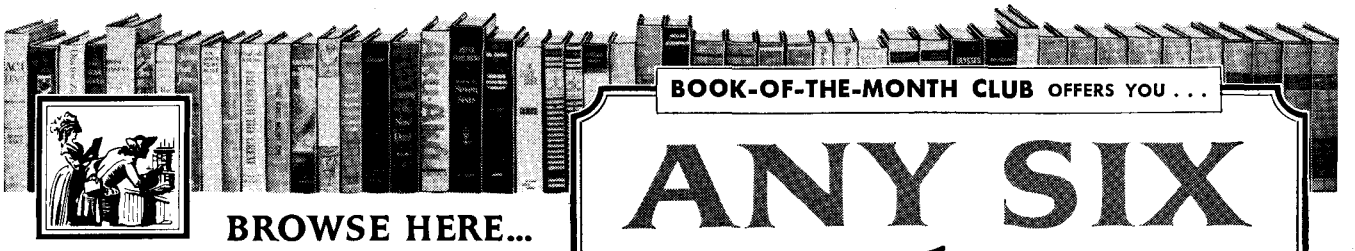

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